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AUTUMN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Beneath my feet the leaves have made
A gorgeous carpet as they fell;
And woven, oftenest in shade,
Gay tints of rose and asphodel.

I question as I stroll along,
Was Summer fairer than the Fall,
With breeze and bird and merry song,
And scent of blossoms over all?

Then all was busy, active life;
Now quiet wraps the landscape in,
As rest comes after work and strife,
And silence after noisy din.

How grateful to the tired ear
This tender and delicious calm,
With quiet far and stillness near,
The air aflood with smells of balm.

The blue-bird flies in hazy air,
Then drops upon some flexile limb,
And sings his mid-day carol there:
At eve he sings a vesper hymn.

The dusty bee, with drowsy hum,
Flies homeward from some Autumn flower,
And I can hear the partridge drum
His mournful ending of the hour.

Sad sights, and sounds, yet strangely sweet—
Like those last words we hold so dear
From those we never hope to meet
Again upon this earthly sphere.

THE DEATH OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

The above picture represents the closing scene in the career of the Chevalier Bayard, that good knight "without fear and without reproach;" whose courage, boldness, high honor, and faithfulness to his sovereign or country, enshrine him in history as the pattern of chivalry. In a battle against King Charles of Spain, Bayard was struck by an arquebus and mortally wounded. He was placed against a tree, with his face towards the enemy, by his own desire, and there he breathed his last. The foe, who crowded round while he was dying, were almost as much affected, we are told, by his decease as his own friends, for his fame was known in every nation, and his high qualities universally respected.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

They were dancing quadrilles on the ice when the Pirate approached in a series of graceful curves, and, poising himself alternately on one foot and on the other, moved slowly around the dancers, his glittering eyes fixed on the Lady of the Snow. As if there was a kind of fascination in his glance, she, who had been moving with superb carelessness, now rocked irresolutely on her skates, bent down, murmuring something about a broken fastening, and presently retired from her place.

"Let me assist you," said the Pirate, in a low voice.

"Nothing is the matter," returned the Snow-Lady. "I thought you wanted me, and I came."

"You are very obliging."

"I obliged myself. I like to be with you better than with any one else."

"What delightful frankness!"

"Perhaps I am too frank? You speak—as if—you did not—like it. Your tone is so different."

"Do I usually speak as if I—liked it?"

"Yes," the Lady of the Snow said, laughing. "Every man likes to be admired."

"And do you admire me?"

"I think you must know it. Didn't I tell you that you reminded me of my brother? And I thought him the best and most admirable being in the world."

"Give me your hand—so. Now we can keep together."

"What makes you so cold, this evening? You are not like yourself."

"Not like myself! In what respect?"

"In every respect. Your voice is sad. You do not laugh. Your eyes look fierce through your mask."

"I am thinking of my—cousin—Cecil."

"Don't think of any Cecil but me. He can take care of himself."

"But he is unhappy."

"He will get over it."

"You are very hard-hearted."

"Not at all. One doesn't come to a masquerade to sigh over other people, but to enjoy one's self."

"Then you do not care if Cecil is unhappy?"

"No. I am with you. I am happy; and I cannot believe that any one else is unhappy. Where are we going?"

"Away from that glaring light. Away from every one. I want you all to myself for a little while. Then, you do not care for Cecil? You will never care for him?"

"Never. How can I when you are here?"

"You certainly speak very plainly."

"How shall I speak? Tell me, and I will learn my lesson."

"How very plastic you are!"

"I don't seem to please you! What is the matter?"

"The matter is a very grave one. Oh, Cecy—you like to be called Cecy, do you not?"

"You know I do."

"I don't know it. I am not sure."

"What *do* you mean?"

"I don't know what I am saying. My head feels so strangely, to-night."

"Take off your mask. That will make it feel better."

"No. I know a better remedy."

"What?"

"Take off your mask."

"Why? You cannot see my face."

"I wish it."

"It is off. Can you see me?"

"Enough for my purpose."

"Oh! Rupert!"

"Another."

"You have kissed me enough! You frighten me! Ah—h—h—!"

As the pale moon shot a feeble ray from behind the bank of clouds which had been slowly gathering above the heads of the unconscious skaters, there was a rush, and clatter of skates.

"Hallo! what's the matter? What's going on here, in the dark? Bring a lantern, somebody! Here, what are you about?"

"Hands off!"

"I hear a woman sobbing! What have you been about?"

"Let me go, confound you!"

"Not until I've seen your rascally face. Here's a lantern coming!"

"Let me go, or it will be the worse for you!"

"You can't throw me. You have found your match. I will hold you until the light comes. And here it is!"

In fact some one ran up with a lantern, apparently having heard the confused wrangling of the two wrestlers, or the scream of the Lady of the Snow. The light streamed for an instant over the two antagonists. An exulting cry and a scream commingled, and both seemed to articulate—"Rupert!" A number of dark forms came scurrying over the ice, with a whoop and halloo, just as a crash and a blinding splash told that one or both of the combatants had broken through the ice, and were now in the Pool, beneath. In vain the eager call for ropes, the hurry and rush of feet, the pale and anxious faces, from which the masks had been hurriedly torn, which were bent over the dark opening in the treacherous ice—the still waters never stirred, no white face rose to the surface, no eager hands clutched at the splintered fragments—the Dark Pool retained its victim.

"Who was it?" was now the murmured question, gradually swelling into a cry. "Does no one know?" one asked. "Who brought the lantern? Does any one know?"

"Here is a woman fainted! Who is it? *She* must have known!"

"Her hair is all over her face. Why! it's Miss Cray!"

While this was taking place, a gipsey, having quietly detached herself from the crowd, was following the footsteps of the bearer of the lantern, who seemed suddenly to become aware of her presence, as he neared the house, and, turning around, flashed the light full upon her face. The face was covered by a mask, however, which she immediately removed, and said, moving nearer to her interlocutor,

"Andrew, who was it?"

"There were two of them, Miss Ruth."

"Yes, but one of them escaped. I saw him pass me like a shadow, as I was coming down the bank of the Pool. He was the one who had been making the woman scream, when you ran to the spot with your lantern. He was the murderer—for, only a murderer would fly so guiltily. Now, who was it?"

"Who wore the Pirate's dress, Miss Ruth?" counter-questioned Andrew, becoming frightfully pale. "I didn't mean to tell you, Miss Ruth, for I know how it is."

"Was he masked?"

"No, Miss Ruth."

"You are sure you saw his face?"

"As distinctly as I now see yours."

"Andrew, will you keep silence, *for my sake?*"

"Miss Ruth, I would say I did it myself, if you should desire it."

"*Did it? Did what?*"

"You said, Miss Ruth, that no one but a murderer would have run away."

"You mistook my meaning, Andrew. There has been no murder, but an accident. Do you suppose—he broke the ice purposely?"

"Miss Ruth, a drowning man rises three times—the other did not."

"He might have risen under the ice—the current—"

"Yes, Miss Ruth, you are right, and I am wrong."

"Oh! I can imagine that the fright and horror crazed him for an instant. It would have maddened *me*. Doubtless he ran for other assistance—some expedient might have suggested itself even to his bewildered senses!"

"Yes, Miss Ruth."

"He is more to be pitied than—the other one. Who was he, Andrew?"

"I did not see. I saw only—him and the lady."

"Yes; the Snow-Lady. Some one is coming! Put out your light."

As the light was extinguished, Ruth vanished. How she got into the house she never knew, but the first sound she heard was a gay voice singing wild snatches of melody from different drinking songs, a medley that showed too plainly that the singer had "put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains." The door opened, and into the brilliantly-lighted hall sprang the light figure of the Pirate, and flew towards Ruth with the exclamation—"Caught at last!"

Ruth extricated herself from his grasp in an instant, and, standing at a distance, put out both hands as if to keep him at bay.

"Do you know what you have done?"

"I know that I have caught you—and that you have got away—and, just at present, thanks to that infernal stuff they made me drink, there seem to be two or three of you telling me to come on."

"Telling you to *keep off*, madman! Who was your victim?"

"I don't know. How did you know it? Some one hit me and I hit him—and then a lot bore down on us, and I got out of the scrape by running."

"Leaving him in the Pool!"

"I hope to heaven, no!"

"But you did. They have been trying to get him out."

"I don't remember it. God forgive me! I did not know what I was about."

"But they know it. Every one knows it! Andrew saw you. Oh! for God's sake! for *my* sake! fly the country! You will be arrested! I hear them coming—even now!"

"But, Ruth—"

"'He who hesitates is lost.' If you will not think of yourself, think of us—of the family honor—of our name, disgraced forever. You did not mean it—you are innocent in my eyes—but not in that of the world. Do not delay another moment!"

"Ruth, I will do as you advise, though I think it foolish—for I have done nothing."

"*You have murdered a man.*"

"But not in my sober senses."

"Who will believe it?" She went close to him, and whispered in his ear.

"My God! Before God, I am innocent!"

"I believe you, but they will not. Oh! must I die at your feet!"

"No—no! I am going. How am I punished! But I can say with Cain—'My punishment is greater than I can bear!'"

XXVI.

(*From the Diary of Eleanor Rupell.*)

HIS LORDSHIP.

"Eighteen to-day! You had better turn up your hair," said Aunt Julia to me this morning.

Turn up my hair, when everybody wears it hanging over their shoulders! But that is the way they took seizin of their womanhood when Aunt Julia was a girl. I gathered up my yellow locks from their free flow upon my shoulders, and tied them off from my face with a blue ribbon, as is the present, *grown-up* style, and, with a trained skirt, and a scarlet rose in my hair, announced myself as a "young lady."

"Hum! you are going to be original," said Aunt Julia.

"I hope so."

"Any other girl would have worn a *white* rose. You understand the value of contrasts."

"'Red and yellow catch a fellow,'" I quoted.

"I am now *sure* you are 'grown up,'" Aunt Julia remarked with a sarcastic intonation, of which I did not choose to take any notice.

"Don't I look so?"

"Shall you leave off your childish habits with your short skirts?"

"And restrain my usual carelessness of speech, as I have tied up my curls? I shall endeavor to do so."

"I know what is the first thing you will do."

"What is it?"

"You will find out for yourself, in—let me see—a couple of hours."

I laughed, and went to the window. Beyond the garden and the low hedge that bounded it, the meadows rolled their emerald waves under the sunlight, and I could see long grass billow under the light wind sweeping over it, as I have seen the sea toss itself into innumerable, foam-specked waves—and here the white blossoms, which reared their heads above the long verdure, moved upon the swell and fall like tossing foam.

I went down the garden, and through the gate in the garden wall, and down the shady lane that stretched its length between the rolling meadows. The air was sweet, almost to oppression, the butterflies made garlands of themselves, and swung against the golden, glowing atmosphere; the bees hummed lazily, swinging in the tall blossoms, which nodded on either side of me. With the train of my dress over my arm I danced along—who can walk soberly on such a day—singing, because I was so happy. Something black and small came leaping and gambolling down the path. It sprang upon me, a pocket-edition of a dog, so small, so black, and shining—like an over-grown cricket—I thought, until it barked, sharply and shrilly, and jumping up, caught at one of my curls, which were all loose again. "Down, Cæsar! Down!" said a man's voice, and, raising my eyes, I saw a gentleman, walking between two ladies, approaching me. The ladies were the Temples, but the gentleman was a stranger.

"*You* here!" Milly Temple said.

"I am here," I replied, and then she introduced me to Lord Carrick.

I had heard of Lord Carrick, and as we all walked on together, I "took a good look" at him. The Temple girls had always described him as "the most elegant man you ever saw." I thought him in truth very elegant, almost superlatively so, from his black, glossy hair to his perfectly-fitting boots. That his manner was as elegant as his person was soon made evident, though he said very little, occupying himself with listening to our conversation, while playing with his morsel of dog flesh. I felt a desire to hear him speak. The sound of his voice was pleasant to me, why I could not tell, so I said, "You call him Cæsar."

"Cæsar Augustus. The name is absurd, applied to so diminutive a specimen, and I like absurdities."

I thought he half-glanced at Annette Temple as he spoke. Annette is what one may call *a goose*, and she was being particularly goose-i-cal at that moment.

"I wish you could have seen Annis," I said.

"Who was he?" he asked, while teasing his dog with a stick.

"*She* was half-crazy, and yet sometimes she seemed very wise."

"'Great wit to madness oft is near allied,'" he said, as if speaking to himself. "Cæsar! rats, boy, rats!" and the "diminutive specimen" went in pursuit of an unfortunate meadow-mole that had crossed our path.

"Oh! don't let him kill the poor little thing," said I. "It's no use."

"It is not only of no use, but also very mischievous."

"I did not mean that. I hate killing anything for fun. I think it very mean and small to run down a poor fox, or shoot harmless birds and beasts. It seems almost like murder."

"It is very agreeable to eat birds and game, nevertheless," said Lord Carrick, gravely; "and it is also agreeable to be rid of some person who is unpleasantly in your way."

"There isn't any one in *my* way," said Annette.

"But if there *were* some one in your way?" queried Lord Carrick.

"I'd walk around them," said Annette, triumphantly.

This reply made us all laugh, and Annette was satisfied that she had said something very witty.

Then Milly ran forward to romp with the dog, Annette followed, and Lord Carrick, who I don't believe would find it possible to move any faster than a very graceful walk, was left with me.

"You are a niece of Mrs. Cecil, I believe?" he asked, after a few moments' silence.

"An adopted daughter."

"I am—an acquaintance of Mrs. Cecil's. Have you ever heard her speak of me?"

"I think not."

"Will you please tell her that I shall do myself the honor to call upon her?"

I said I would do so, and then the conversation languished until the girls rejoined us.

At the end of the lane, they all turned back and walked to the garden-gate with me, where I took an affectionate farewell of the girls, and exchanged an elegant adieu with his elegant lordship. When I went into the house I found Aunt Julia dropping a note into the brazier.

"Do you burn all your love-letters, Aunt Julia?" I asked. She turned around when she heard my voice, and I continued, "I really believe that I hit the truth. You actually look guilty."

"And you—look as I expected you to when you should come back."

I looked into the glass, and then down at my dress. There was a long rent in the delicate muslin of my trained skirt.

"Oh! Cæsar did that."

"Who is Cæsar?"

"Lord Carrick's dog. He—not the dog, but his lordship—says that he knows you. Is he an old beau of yours, aunty? Are those the ashes of his old flame in the brazier?"

"Nonsense! I was a child when he was married."

"Oh! dear! he looks remarkably young."

"I presume he wears a wig, and is painted."

"He told me to tell you that he should do himself the honor to call upon you."

"The old prig! He will consider me to be the *honored* one."

"Now, aunty, wouldn't it be funny if you should be Lady Carrick?"

"Old men always want young wives. *You* had better be on your guard, my dear."

"I? Oh! he evidently still considers me to be in long clothes."

"And this is the first day you have put them on! But when a girl first goes into trains, babies are Solomons compared with her."

* * * * *

Lord Carrick called here to-day. I had expected Aunt Julia to show some surprise when she found him to be a young man, instead of an old one, but she met him very composedly, as if seeing him were an every day matter. I ventured to hint at her remarks about his wig and paint, and his having been married when she was a child. Aunt Julia laughed, and his lordship said, very quietly, "it is true." I stared at him in silent amazement. I had read such wonderful accounts of being "made beautiful forever," that I did not know but his lordship might have been rejuvenated by some such process; but, although the shining hair and luxuriant flowing whiskers and moustache might have been supplied by art, no amount of enamelling could produce that clear, transparent complexion, no belladonna give that youthful brilliancy to the full, long eye.

Lord Carrick smiled under my gaze. "You have heard of Count Cagliostro, who was centuries old, and yet looked no more than thirty-five? I am such another."

"You are no old man," I said, "although you and Aunt Julia do seem to be wonderfully well acquainted."

They both laughed at this remark, and Aunt Julia said that she wished she could have known his secret.

"Nothing can remain a secret forever," I said.

"Except what the sea holds," said Lord Carrick.

"The sea and the Dark Pool will both give up their dead some day," I observed.

"But not in our time," said Lord Carrick.

"I suppose, if you are so old, you know all about that?" I asked, turning to him.

"About the Dark Pool tragedy? Yes."

"Where were you at the time?"

"I was—there."

"I don't recollect you."

"I remember *you* perfectly. You were called Persephone then."

"Yes, I was. I like it better than Eleanor. Eleanor is aristocratic, but Persephone is original."

"And you always prefer originality?"

"Always."

"A young lady of eighteen knows nothing of originality," said Aunt Julia. "She generally follows in the track of those who were eighteen before her."

"*I* shall not. I think all girls are so silly."

"So do I," said Aunt Julia.

"You shan't say that about me, Aunt Julia."

"We will see."

"Yes, we *will* see. Because you were silly, is no reason that I should be so."

"At eighteen, Mrs. Cecil was a remarkably sensible girl," said Lord Carrick, gravely.

I began to laugh. "*You* have changed, if she has not," I said. He looked at me inquiringly, and then glanced at Aunt Julia. I answered this look. "*She* has been telling me nothing. But I should judge you to have been originally a very quiet man, and now you talk and make jokes."

"Pardon me. I never made a joke in my life, but an old fellow like myself must make himself agreeable to the rising generation."

I was about to reply, when I heard Cæsar barking shrilly. Looking out, I saw him chasing a vagrant cat. I sprang through the window to chase him in turn. Lord Carrick did not follow. I could see him still sitting in the seat he had first assumed, and he now seemed to be in earnest conversation with Aunt Julia. I shrugged my shoulders. "He must be as old as he says he is!" was my comment upon his choice of society.

"What have you and Lord Carrick been talking about?" I asked of Aunt Julia when I came back, with Cæsar struggling in my arms.

"We were speaking of Ruth Rupell."

"Do you know her?" I said to his lordship.

"I used to know her very well."

"In some pre-existent state, perhaps, when she was a lamia?"

"She was not lame at that time."

Of course this was a willful misunderstanding. I might not be Methuselah, but I could see through that.

"What were you saying about her?" I asked Aunt Julia.

"I was telling Lord Carrick that I am expecting her."

"*Expecting her!*"

"You do not look pleased," said his lordship.

"I am *not* pleased. I detest her."

"You know nothing about her," interposed Aunt Julia. "You have not seen her since you were a child."

"I have a pretty good memory, and I recollect her as a liar and a hypocrite."

"Eleanor!" From Aunt Julia.

"Why does she come here? Did you ask her?" I turned to Aunt Julia.

"She wrote that she wished to make me a visit. I replied that I should be very happy to see her."

"You did not tell me!"

"I did not think it necessary. This is my own house."

"I shall not stay here if she is in it. I shall go to the Temples'."

"I wish you would," said Lord Carrick. "I am staying there at present."

"You can do as you please," observed Aunt Julia. "Ruth is coming here, and is to be treated with the civility due to my guest. If you find it impossible to accord her that, it would be better you should stay away. At any rate, you have sufficiently aired your temper before Lord Carrick."

"He probably has seen his *grandchildren* show temper before this."

His lordship laughed heartily. "Old gentlemen are of no importance. One can be one's self before them."

"And if you are going to like Ruth, I don't want you to like me," I said.

"I can like you both," he replied.

"If you are her friend, you are my enemy," I retorted. "Which is it to be?"

"I will be friends with both of you."

"That decides it. I wish your lordship a very good morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sober Ideas of Marriage in Kentucky.

The following is quite refreshing, in contrast to the mad excitement and vindictiveness of a recent New York marriage difficulty. The Cincinnati Commercial says:—

While the trial of the ejectment suit of Taylor's heirs vs. Hornbeck and others, was progressing before a jury in the Court House in Newport, Kentucky, a singular transaction was disclosed by the evidence, which created not a little surprise and merriment in the court room. The defendants called a witness by the name of Isaac Yelton for the purpose of impeaching the testimony of a witness named Wm. Orcutt, of the plaintiffs. After the direct examination of Yelton, he was turned over to the plaintiffs for cross-examination, when the following evidence was elicited:

Attorney—Are you and Orcutt on good terms?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Attorney—Did you never have any quarrel or difficulty?

Witness—No, sir; we never did.

Attorney—Did you not take Orcutt's wife away from him and run away with her; and did you not have a difficulty with him about that?

Witness—I never took his wife away from him.

Attorney—Did not you and a man named Gosney take his wife away?

Witness—His wife went away with me and Gosney, but we did not take her away from Orcutt. There was no difficulty at all about it; it was all satisfactory. I traded him a horse for his wife, but I found that I had been imposed on, and I returned her to him, and it was all right. There was no quarrel or difficulty about it.

Attorney—How were you imposed upon?

Witness—I traded the horse for his wife, but he put on me beside two children and a dog; so I returned her to him. I do not mean that he cheated me in the trade, for the transaction was all fair; but he imposed on me—he got the best of the bargain. I had no use for the two children and the dog.

This testimony was given with the utmost coolness, and in a manner which indicated that the witness regarded the transaction as entirely legitimate and proper. He is a man of ordinary intelligence, and has been for a long time a constable in the upper end of Campbell county.

Waterproofs.

The "Lounger" of the Illustrated Times says:—"By-the-way, touching waterproofs, I think I can give travellers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn India-rubber waterproofs, but I will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made completely impervious to rain, and, moreover, I have learned how to make it so; and, for the benefit of my readers, I will here give the recipe:—In a bucket of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals until it becomes clear; then pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party—a lady and gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storm of wind and rain without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, they are really waterproof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain and wind such as you rarely see in the South; and when he slipped off his overcoat, his under-clothes were as dry as when he put them on. This is, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is in every way better than what we know as waterproofs."—*Littell's Living Age.*

☞ An Ohio clergyman, several years ago, received a bright, new cent as a wedding fee. The other day he met the bridegroom, who mentioned the circumstance, and said, "My wife was a comparative stranger to me at the time we were united in wedlock. I had not learned her value, and paid accordingly. I find her a jewel—so here is an additional fee," at the same time handing the astonished minister a $20 gold piece.

☞ Leading journals throughout the country, are urging a repeal of the income tax. It ought to be done away with.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 18, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 10 subscribers and $00—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 20 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

RENEW IN TIME!

Our subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year, would oblige us very much by renewing their subscriptions as early as possible. They would thus prevent the delay in forwarding their papers, which is apt to occur at the beginning of the new year, owing to the large amount of work which is thrown at that time upon our clerks. It would also have a tendency to prevent those mistakes which often result from a great pressure of business.

STACKS! STACKS!!

New subscribers need not fear that our large extra edition of the numbers of THE POST from October 2d is beginning to be exhausted. We have yet stacks on hand. Therefore send on your names without fear. We expect this time to be able to supply all new comers.

Will our regular subscribers please call the attention of their friends and acquaintances to THE POST, and its liberal inducements. By so doing they will confer a great favor upon us.

Compare the terms of THE POST with those of other first-class weeklies—and mark the contrast!

DU CHAILLU'S COURSE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.—The Young Folks must not forget the Lectures at the Academy, by the famous African explorer. The first lecture was delivered last Saturday afternoon; the second and third are for the afternoons of Wednesday the 15th, and Saturday the 18th—subjects, "Among the Cannibals," and "Lost in the Jungles." Admittance 25 cents, reserved seats 50 cents.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MAN; DESIGNED TO REPRESENT THE EXISTING STATE OF PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE, AS APPLIED TO THE FUNCTIONS OF THE HUMAN BODY. By AUSTIN FLINT, Jr., M. D., Professor of Physiology and Miscroscopy in the Bellevue Medical Hospital, &c. Secretion; Excretion, Ductless Glands; Nutrition; Animal Heat; Movements; Voice and Speech. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Chestnut St., Philada.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By S. BARING GOULD, M. A., author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," &c. Part 1. Heathenism and Mosaism. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THE PURSUIT OF HOLINESS: A Sequel to Thoughts on Personal Religion. By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D. D., Dean of Norwich. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS; OR, FORTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS OF P. T. BARNUM. Written by Himself. With a Portrait, and Numerous Illustrations. Published by J. B. Burr & Co., Hartford, Connecticut.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR. Christmas, 1869. A Complete List of Illustrated and other Books Suitable for Presentations and Rewards. This number of the Gazette is a large and handsome one—being embellished with numerous engravings, taken from the works which are advertised in it, and thus enabling purchasers to see the quality of said works at a glance. It is an excellent idea. Published by George W. Childs, 600 Chestnut St., Philada.

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE. By Miss DICKENS, daughter of Charles Dickens. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE PIGEON'S WEDDING. By HARRIET B. MCKEEVER, author of "Children with the Poets," "Silver Thread," &c. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THOUGHTS THAT CLUSTER ROUND OUR HOMES. By the compiler of "Drifted Snow-Flakes," "Manna for the Pilgrim," etc. Published by Mrs. J. Hamilton Thomas, 1344 Chestnut St., Philada.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Price Thirty-Five cents. Published by Elias Howe, 103 Court St., Boston. Every number of this monthly is filled with choice musical selections.

☞ Another son has been born to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

WHAT MAKES THE SEA SALT?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

The simple answer, because water has the power of holding salt in solution, gives no explanation of the source of the salt; of whose original state, we, in fact, are ignorant, as all the rock salt known has been deposited by water.

No portion of the earth's surface escapes the insidious attack of this mobile foe, which, falling as rain, penetrates to the deepest recesses, and emerges thence laden with various mineral substances, which it has met and dissolved in its underground career. In this way vast quantities of salt, silica, magnesia, lime, and various other substances—among which may be mentioned silver—have been washed into the ocean, and held suspended in its waters.

A yet more powerful effect has been exerted on the surface, by the abrasion of the rains, the action of frost, the transporting power of torrents, and the destructive energy of cataracts and ocean billows. These agencies have added to the seas vast quantities of rock material, which is simply held suspended in the water, and sinks gradually to the bottom. Such substances, disposed in layers, and hardened by heat and pressure, form vast deposits of stratified rocks, which are so extensively distributed as to show that nearly the whole surface has at some period passed through this probationary state, and that our present continents were built and modeled by the ocean.

But the dissolved materials above mentioned cannot be disposed of as readily as can the quartz, mica, mud, and other stubborn ingredients of decomposed rocks. Yet means are provided for the removal of most of these dissolved substances. Carbonate of lime is largely employed by the Mollusk and Crustacean tribes of the ocean in building their shells, and the remains of these shell fish have formed extensive beds of limestone. Still more efficacious is the action of the Coral animal, which extracts lime from the water to build whole islands of coral limestone. Some geologists ascribe all the limestone and marble in the earth's surface to animal action.

In like manner deposits of chalk and flint have been made from the limy and siliceous shells of microscopic plants and animals. Marine plants have absorbed other substances, as iodine, &c. Yet, despite all these agencies, sea water contains solid materials to the extent of one-thirtieth of its weight.

Salt forms the great bulk of this material—it having no organic agency of escape. Yet it is occasionally deposited, from the fact that water will only hold a certain percentage of it in solution—and any supplied beyond this amount, must sink to the bottom. In this way salt lakes, exposed to constant evaporation, have gradually deposited a thick layer of salt on their bottoms. In some cases this evaporation has been total. In this way immense beds of rock salt have been formed—composing the salt mines, and yielding the saline springs of the present day.

But whence first came the salt? We know it to be the result of a chemical combination between a heavy, yellowish gas, named chlorine, and the silvery, inflammable metal, sodium, which same metal, combined with oxygen, forms soda. This chloride of sodium, or common salt, was perhaps dissolved by water as fast as formed, the two elements rapidly combining wherever they came in contact, and certainly not long escaping the mobile, searching fluid which in those days of volcanic energy pursued its peculiar mission with tenfold its modern vigor. Thus it may be that salt never had the opportunity to agglomerate into rock masses, being eagerly lapped up by the earliest rains, so that the sea has been salt since that immensely remote period when first the waters were gathered together into the hollow places of the earth.

Receiving Royal Honors.

An acquaintance of mine said, the other day, that he was doubtless the only American visitor to the Exposition who had had the high honor of being escorted by the Emperor's body guard. I said with unobtrusive frankness that I was astonished that such a long-legged, lantern-jawed, unprepossessing looking spectre as he should be singled out for a distinction like that, and asked how it came about. He said he had attended a great military review in the *Champ de Mars*, some time ago, and while the multitude about him was growing thicker and thicker every moment, he observed an open space inside the railing. He left his carriage and went into it. He was the only person there, and so he had plenty of room, and the situation being central, he could see all the preparations going on about the field. By-and-by there was a sound of music, and soon the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria, escorted by the famous *Cent Gardes*, entered the inclosure. They seemed not to observe him, but directly, in response to a sign from the commander of the Guard, a young lieutenant came toward him with a file of his men following, halted, raised his hand and gave the military salute, and then said in a low voice that he was sorry to have to disturb a stranger and a gentleman, but the place was sacred to royalty. Then this New Jersey phantom rose up and bowed and begged pardon, then with the officer beside him, the file of men marching behind him, and with every mark of respect, he was escorted to his carriage by the Imperial *Cent Gardes!* The officer saluted again and fell back, the New Jersey sprite bowed in return and had presence of mind enough to pretend that he had simply called on a matter of private business with those emperors, and so waved them an adieu, and drove from the field!

Imagine a poor Frenchman ignorantly intruding upon a public rostrum sacred to some six-penny dignitary in America. The police would scare him to death, first, with a storm of their elegant blasphemy, and then pull him to pieces getting him away from there. We are measurably superior to the French in some things, but they are immeasurably our betters in others.—*Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."*

☞ Sir Robert Peel once presented a farmer's club in England with two iron ploughs of the best build. On his next visit, he found the old ploughs with wooden mould-boards again at work. "Sir," said a member of the club, "we tried the iron, and we be all of one mind, that they do make the weeds grow."

☞ An English newspaper seriously informs its readers, that a year's residence in Chicago entitles all married couples to divorce on application.

Life; Death.

"Death, a plunge opaque beyond conjecture."
—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Oh, this restless life! how many fears, hopes, cares, anxieties it brings to us! Who that lives to maturity can be exempt from them? Oh, thou unknown ending to this life! What art thou that I must so soon experience? Death, what art thou, dread visitant, that I must so soon take by the hand and walk with intimately?

How many unanswerable questions arise! Why do I live? Whither am I tending? At any moment I may make that "plunge opaque;" then, where, how, what, shall be this restless, rest-seeking, unhappy, happiness-pursuing being known to me as myself?

Here I am confined to a circumscribed sphere of knowledge and of action. Here I grope like a worm in darkness. I cannot dive beneath the surface of the earth to pierce its mysteries; I cannot soar upward to those myriad worlds that mockingly smile down upon me from the sky. But there is an active principle within me constituting a part of myself, that *can* dive into those occult depths, picturing there unspeakable wonders; that *can* soar on tireless wings above, visiting those unknown worlds, giving to them form and color, peopling them with mystic intelligencies; that, passing beyond those worlds as by the first few milestones upon a far-extending road, can roam on and on through the infinitudes of space to the utmost verge of the universe. Yet here I am, caged in flesh; here I remain, not having even moved from my seat in the corner of my room! This active power belonging to, constituting a part of myself; this adventurous something that inquisitively searches out things hidden from fleshly eyes; this something I call *Imagination.*

Now I turn back to the past of my life, to events of yesterday, of last year, of years ago. I picture the scenes I saw, the sounds I heard, the emotions by which I was agitated. I say to myself, "Are these pictures more distinct, more real, than those you beheld in the bosom of the earth, or in the immensity of space?"

This other property of myself, this power that brings to life the dead past, this I name *Memory.*

And I shall die. Among all the torturing uncertainties of life, this alone is sure. It may be to-night, to-morrow; it will be soon, if ever so many months or years ahead; it may, perhaps, be far hence, even if ever so near in point of time, for the soul, I think, when upon the verge of death, often in a moment, lives over a lengthened lifetime, passes through almost an infinitude of perception and sensation.

When I die will Memory and Imagination die with me? Without them should I be myself? No. If I lose Memory I lose identity, I no longer know myself. I, to all intents and purposes, no longer am myself. I am, instead, a new being; made, perhaps, out of the dismembered parts that formerly composed the old one, but none the less a new creation, for I know nothing, remember nothing, of my former self, so that, as far as my own consciousness is concerned, I am another.

But, if Memory remain to me after death, I am still myself; I shall remember the scenes of my earthly life; I shall recognize my old friends, if I meet them. Yes, that one anxious query of the human heart is answered; *if I retain self-knowledge, I shall know my earthly friends in that unseen world to which we all hasten.*

This must be so if I lose not memory and identity. But suppose I lose both? suppose I cease to remember my former self; what then has the present *myself* to do with the future one? The one bears as close a relation to the other, as the present living generation of mankind to the antediluvians. The former descended from the latter; hence must be "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh;" but what avails it, since they have never seen, never known, never regarded each other?

Oh, my soul, wilt thou thus become a stranger to thine own self? No. Thou wilt know thyself, thou wilt recognize thy friends, thou wilt remember the mingled guilt and innocence of thine earthly life, thy momentary relishes of the bitter-sweet morsel, sin, thy tears and agonies of repentance and self-loathing, thy cries to the Infinite for help, for pardon. Ah, yes, thou wilt remember all these, else how shouldest thou know thy Saviour? how shouldest thou be grateful to Him? how shouldest thou perceive from what horrible depths of corruption He hath snatched thee? how shouldest thou imagine from what severity of suffering He hath saved thee?

And, if, after death, memory and imagination continue to be parts of my being, will not my other powers of mind continue to be mine also? Shall I not be capable of acquiring knowledge, of applying that knowledge, also, in some way, to the promotion of God's glory and the perfection of my own being?

And, the more knowledge, the more purity I attain to here, will not so much the more be my progress there? GENEVA.

IDEA OF DEATH.—That death and sleep are very much alike, the sages all tell us; but see how attractively Leigh Hunt describes the latter:—"It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come—not past: the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one position delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye; 'tis closing, 'tis closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds."

☞ POLITICAL.—In New York the vote on the amended Constitution, as officially declared, is as follows:—For the Constitution, 223,935; against, 290,456; majority against the Constitution, 66,521. For the amended Judiciary Article, 247,240; against, 240,442; majority for the Article, 6,798. For the property qualification for colored people, 262,403; against it, 249,802; majority for property qualification, 32,601.

☞ Numerous earthquake shocks have recently been felt in Europe, being observed over a long space of time. At Gros Gerau, Germany, the total number of shocks, was about eight hundred in three weeks. The direction of motion was horizontal in the earlier, and vertical in the latter shocks.

Children's Sayings.

[From John Neal's "Great Mysteries and Little Plagues," we take these bright sayings of the little folks, though some we have already had.]

A Definition of Pride—"What is pride, my dear?" "Walking with a cane, when you ain't lame," said the little four-year-old to whom the query was propounded.

Rather a Paradox—"What is conscience?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher. "An inward monitor," was the reply of a smart little fellow, not large enough to spell ratiocination with safety. "And what is a monitor?" "One of the iron-clads." Ergo.

Fanny—"There now!" said a little bit of a thing, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, and turning the contents all topsy-turvy, of course; "there now! gran'pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles. Won't you take 'em with you, grannma, when you go?"

A little woman, being asked by her Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after passing through the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

Boston Notions—The rector of a parish in Toledo, Ohio, was lately catechising the children of his Sunday-school, and asked, "Where did the wise men come from?" "*From Boston!*" shouted a little wretch, at the top of his voice. Upon further inquiry, it was found that both father and mother were of the Bay-State faith.

A little creature, under three years of age, on being told that she was too little to have a muff, asked, with a bright flush over her whole face, "Am I too little to be cold?" Another, on being refused admission to the church upon the ground that she was too young, asked if she was too young to sin and be sorry for it?

A child when told that God was everywhere, asked, "In this room?" "Yes." "In the closet?" "Yes." "In the drawers of my desk?" "Yes—everywhere—He's in your pocket now." "No He ain't, though." "And why not?" "'Tauth, I ain't dut no pottet."

A six-year old boy was set to work upon what is called a "composition," all about water. He wrote as follows: "Water is good to drink. Water is good to paddle in and swim in, and to skate on when it grows hard in winter. When I was a little wee baby, nurse used to wash me every morning in cold water—*ugh!* I have heard tell the Injuns only wash themselves once in ten years. I wish I was an Injun."

Disinterested Advice—"Mammy!" said a little fellow, just big enough to gobble doughnuts, and relish mud-pies and lollipop, who had been set to rocking the cradle of his baby brother, of whom he professed to be very fond—*very*—"Mammy! if the Lord's got any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

"Well, Susie, how do you like your school?" "Oh, ever so much, papa." "That's right, Susie. And now tell me what you have learned to-day?" "Well, papa, I've learned the names of all the little boys."

And what more would you have? though the young lady were at a boarding-school, and learning the polka, and the waltz, or the schottische?

A naughty little boy, being told by his mother that God would not forgive him, if he did something, answered, "Yes He would too—God likes to forgive little boys—that's what He's for." Of course that boy was a Universalist from the shell, and had about as clear a notion of what God was *for*, as many a profound theologian or metaphysician.

But children are soothsayers and prophets; and they have open visions, it may be, if we would but listen to their low breathing. "Father," said a little Swedish girl, one still starry night, after a long silence, "father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what must the right side be?" Was not this a revelation, and such a revelation, too, that even her father must have been astonished? Was it not as if her whole character had been revealed to him on her way upward, as by a flash from the empyrean?

A Plea in Bar—"Come up here, you young reprobate, and take a sound spanking," said the teacher, out of all patience with a mischievous, quick-witted boy.

"You ain't got no right to spank me, and the copy you've set for me says so.

"Saucebox! let me hear you read that copy; read it aloud, so that everybody can hear you."

Whereupon the boy reads, like a trumpet, "'Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's!'"

"Go to your seat, you young scapegrace."

And he went.

And then, too, how knowing the little wretches are sometimes. A young gentleman of about five summers was travelling in a crowded stage coach, and had been taken into the lap of a passenger. On the way, some stories were told about pickpockets and their adroitness, and the conversation at last became general. "Ah, my fine fellow," said the gentleman who had the little one upon his knee, "how easy I could pick *your* pocket"—as it lay gaping near his hand. "No you couldn't neither," said the boy, "'cause I've been looking out for you all the way."

A mother was reading to her child, a boy of seven, about another little boy whose father had lately died, leaving the family destitute, whereupon the boy went to work for himself, and managed to support them all.

"Now, my little man," said mother, after she had finished the story, "if papa should be taken away, wouldn't you like to help your poor mother and your little sisters?"

"Why, ma—what for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Oh yes, my child; but we couldn't eat the house, you know."

"Well, ain't we got flour and sugar, and other things in the store-room?"

"Certainly, my dear; but they wouldn't last long—and what then?'

"Well, ain't there enough to last till you could get another husband?"

Mamma *dried up*—just as the boy had *slopped over*.

Three little girls were playing among the poppies and sage-brush of the back-yard. Two of them were making believe keep house, a little way apart, as near neighbors might. At last one of them was overheard saying to the youngest of the lot, "There, now, Nellie, you go over to Sarah's house and stop there a little while, and talk as fast as ever you can, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me, and then I'll talk about her; and then you go and tell her all I say, and then we'll get mad as hornets, and won't speak when we meet, just as our mothers do, you know; and that'll be such fun—won't it?" Hadn't these little mischiefs lived to some purpose? and were they not close observers, and apt scholars, charmingly trained for the chief business of life in a small neighborhood?

Cannot Write, Read, or Even Talk Well.

BY ARTHUR HELPS.

"It amuses me," said A., "to hear you all give out your wonderful schemes of education—how science is to be combined with literature, and art be superimposed on both. I do not know how it may be in other countries; but in Great Britain the first rudiments of education are, for the most part, unknown. Show me the man who can read well, write well, (I mean the mechanical part of writing,) talk well, speak well, and who has good manners. I have not met with him yet. I own I have met with men who can do some one or two of these things very well: but where is the Admirable Crichton who can do them all well? Mark you, I have not said anything about ciphering well, nor about English composition.

"Wait a minute. Let me go to my desk, and I will bring you four or five letters to illustrate what I mean about the mechanical part of writing. Here they are: I have kept them together as curiosities.

"The first is from a man holding nearly the highest position that any subject in Europe can hold. I will defy you to make out even the signature of the letter, though I have given you a hint as to who the man is." (*We could not read the signature.*)

"The second is from a great official person, who has dozens of letters to sign in the course of the day. The body of the letter is written by a clerk—how I pity that poor clerk if he has to decipher his chief's minutes! Can you say whose signature that is?" (*The letter was handed round, but no one could make out the signature. It was generally thought to resemble the first step of a centipede after it had crawled out from an ink bottle.*)

"The third is from a great historian—a man whose works the world delights to read, and justly so. How I pity the poor printers who have to decipher his manuscript! I think you will make out the first sentence." (*The letter was handed round. B., who prides himself upon mastering handwriting, got through the first sentence rightly, and the second sentence. The third he said was a jungle, which he could not see his way through.*)

"The fourth letter is from an eminent peer, who takes a great interest in education. I submit it for your interpretation."

B.—"I think, if I could have half an hour's time over this letter, by myself and with a magnifying glass, I could make it all out; but it is an abominable handwriting."

"The fifth letter—the most remarkable of all of them—is from a most distinguished person. He is a poet, a novelist, a statesman, a philosopher. Can you make out any of it?" (B. *made out the words "My dear," at the beginning of the letter, and several other words in the course of the letter; but was not able to give us a single sentence complete.*)

A.—"There is a curious story connected with this letter. It treats of a most important subject, and embodies much of the wit and wisdom of the writer. The man to whom it was addressed, called in the aid of a government clerk who was said to be very skillful in deciphering bad writings, and he gave in writing his version of it. That version seemed to be very clever and very deep. Further investigation by other persons, showed that the government clerk's rendering was totally wrong. For instance, he had rendered a certain scribble as 'ideal,' when the word was in reality 'inherent.' The latter, therefore, according to the latest views of interpretation, and, as I believe, the right views, gave a new construction—also a very plausible one.

"Then came some acute fellow and said, 'The second reading of the letter is the right one, but the first evolves a very grand theory. To whom does it belong? Not to the writer of the letter, for he never intended it. Not to the government clerk, for he was a plain practical man, who knew nothing whatever about the subject. Not to us, who have thus had a beautiful theory put before us which we could not fail to understand, but which we certainly did not invent or initiate. It is a grand metaphysical theory evolved by chance out of bad writing.'

"But, seriously speaking, what a disgrace it is to these eminent men to write in such a way! What half-educated men they are! One does not like to say anything rude to such men; but one ought to suggest to them to go to school again, or, at least, to take private lessons of some good writing-master.

A.—"Well, then, how few men can talk distinctly and clearly! With how many persons, especially the young of this generation, is their talk a mean, a lisp, a mutter, a mumble, and a groan! How many times in the course of a conversation amongst English people do you hear the question, 'What did you say?'

"Then, as to reading, I put it to this intelligent company—Do you know among your numerous friends and acquaintances ten persons who can read well? You are silent.

"Then as to public speaking, how few have attained to any proficiency in this art, which, however, is not a very difficult art! It is a thousand pities that there are not more proficients in this art; for, if there were, it would not have so exorbitant a value put upon it; and, men, who are proficient in it, would not occupy so great a position in the state as they do. The man who can do a thing well, is often the last man who can speak about it, or talk about it, well.

"Lastly, I come to the question of good manners, about which the extra twopence is to be charged at schools. For the last thirty years, with one or two remarkable exceptions, the most distinguished men in politics and in public life, have been deficient in winning manners. Though most agreeable men when you come to know them in private life, when you come to know them 'at home,' (as we used to say at school,) they have manifested a shyness, an awkwardness, a reserve, an abruptness of demeanor, or a sphynx like impenetrability, which has often separated them from those who would have been their most devoted friends.

"Have you ever seen an owl kept in a cage? How it abhors the light? how it shuffles into the most remote corner of its cage? Its ways of going on have often put me in mind of theirs.

"And now, have I not shown you that, before you make such a bother about art, science, and literature, you had better see that the first rudiments of education should be more attended to, and made more account of, than they are at present in Great Britain.

"Think what an accomplished man he would be, who could read well, hand-write well, talk well, speak well, and who should have good manners."—*Good Words.*

The Boylston Bank Robbery.

The Boylston National Bank, of this city, was robbed recently of about $500,000, the property of depositors. Although that was the sum taken from the bank, the actual loss to the owners will probably be about $225,000. We assume that this operation will be conducted in the same manner with similar enterprises, as follows: The burglars get hold of the money; the detectives, in due season, get hold of the burglars in an amicable way, and open negotiations; in due season again, these negotiations are concluded, the burglars depart in peace with one-half the proceeds of the robbery, less any ten per cent. for the detectives, and the losers regain the other half less a similar honorarium to the lynx-eyed and gentlemanly representatives of the law. Such is the ordinary programme of modern bank-robberies, and there is nothing in the present case which justifies the opinion that it will be varied.—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

☞ It was found necessary to subdue the elephant Romeo, at Covington, Indiana, last week. To accomplish this, he was thrown down and his legs fettered, and then for eight hours he was belabored with stout iron rods, and wounded with the spear innumerable times. When released from his bonds he rose to his feet in a very sorry plight, and, as his keeper said, a child could drive him with a rye straw. Were there no humane people in Covington? Romeo is only a four-legged William Tell.

☞ Connecticut has raised a pumpkin that furnished material for 200 pies.

My Father's Rupture Keeps Him from Work.

This exclamation was made a few days since by a wiry-headed, bright-eyed, sprightly little fellow in response to the interrogation: "Where is your father? Why is he not at work?" To us it seemed the most touching piece of eloquence that had fell upon our ears for many a long day, for we knew that the father, with his large, interesting family, could ill afford to lose his earnings at this season of the year, when his household was in need of bread and clothing, and his only resource was the work of his hands. Few have an idea that rupture is such a check upon a man's abilities, that in all its ramifications it is anything more than a little inconvenience—never having for a moment realized the fact, that it is a terror when inflamed of sufficient magnitude to arrest the giant, disarm him of his strength, and force him into the arms of death. Such, unfortunately is the nature of this disease. It is uncertain in its progress, demands constant watching, or, at an unguarded moment, it may startle like the night robber nearing your bed at midnight with the drawn dagger upraised in his hand, shutting out all hope of escape. Such is this affliction when, by bad management, it reaches upon its victim in the shape of what the medical writers characterize as strangulated rupture. It is no epidemic; it has followed man from the earliest ages of the world, and been a source of vexation and immeasurable suffering. It has been more obstinate, and presented more difficulties to the surgeon and the artist than any other. Once appearing, no remedy was provided to remove it; it was a constant torment, increasing with age, and given up as inseparable with life. Like our recent revolution, it piled up its victims before perseverance and art had marked out a boundary line for its devastations. But it was done by one who bears a name synonymous with one of the great generals who did much towards bringing the terrible war to which we have alluded to a close. That name is Sherman, and must ever be great in the minds of the American people, whether it bears the cognomen of general or doctor, since both are engaged in the laudable cause of curing Ruptures—the rupture of the country, and the rupture of the man; the one effected by death and blood, and the other by artistic investions and medicated applications. How widely different these occupations, yet both are pursued for the benefit of humanity, the cause of civilization, and the peace and tranquility of society. We could wish, were it consistent with the laws of society, that the occupation of the soldier should be recorded as one of the necessities of the past, and that General Sherman, like Dr. Sherman, could be in the pursuit of a vocation for the removal of suffering and the saving of life. How cheerful it must be to see an aged parent, who had, from year to year, been suffering from an infirmity, and made quite helpless, in a comparatively short time relieved, restored to a state of health and vigor equal to one who had never suffered.

Such scenes are occurring frequently since Doctor Sherman has taken up his residence in New York city. There are many to-day who suffered for thirty and forty long years with rupture and irksome contrivances used ineffectually for relief, whom he has restored to a sound body. We know of no one, or of no means, outside of Dr. Sherman and his inventions, to whom we can recommend them in such perfect confidence of their being benefitted.

The foregoing is taken from John Mitchell's *Irish American.*

☞ The trains for California now carry an average of one hundred passengers each, or about five thousand per month.

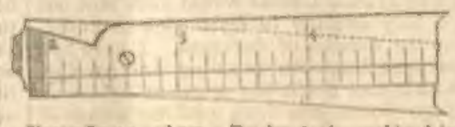
CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson St. Office 54 Front street, New York. oct2-3m

☞ George Peabody made his fortune in the last twenty-five years of his life; but it should be remembered that he never owned a horse and buggy or a wife.

Interesting to Ladies.

Nine years ago I purchased a Grover & Baker Machine, and it has been in constant, almost daily, use ever since, and never for an hour out of repair. It has done all the work of a large family, besides countless tucks, ruffles, shirt-bosoms, and cuffs for neighbors, and all the sewing for the outfit of six babies. One of my sisters had a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, but she always brought the parts of her work requiring strong sewing to me to do for her.—*Mrs. Henry E. Alvord, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.*

☞ The Woman Who Dared lives in Illinois. She worried a promise of marriage out of a Sunday evening caller, invited him to a party a few days afterwards, showed him a marriage certificate containing his name—and stroking him under the chin, said:—"Now, Henry, you are going to fulfill your engagement?" Despite Henry's excuses he was a married man in fifteen minutes.



New Invention.—Twelve tools combined in one. To be carried in vest pocket: Pocket Rule, Ruler, Square, Bevel, Screw Driver, Chisel, Compasses, Scissors, Button hole Cutter, Paper Knife, Eraser and Pencil-sharpener. Agents wanted. Sample (Polished steel) sent by mail, prepaid, with terms to agents for 50 cents. Steel, silver plated, $1. Extra polish & gold plated, $2. Address Commercial Tool Co., 25 Mercer St., New York. dec18-3t

Working Sunday.

A Silesian paper gives the following anecdote of Count Bismarck:—

The peasants on the Count's estate had got into the bad habit of working on Sundays. The Count heard of it, and wrote to his bailiff: "There must be an end to that." The bailiff answered: "The people are not to blame. Six days, from morning to evening, they have to work on the estate, and yet they have their own bit of land to look after, and so they have only Sunday left to do it in." But the Count will not listen to such excuses, and writes back: "From this time forward a new order is to be introduced. When my people have land, and their corn is ripe, they are to begin with their own first." The bailiff informs the peasants of the Count's commands, and adds, "But now no more work on Sundays." The result is that the peasants say to each other, "The master shall not lose a farthing by caring for us first, so let us work with a will," and they do it too. Never was the work done so well and so rapidly, and the bailiff could write to the Count a few days afterward, "That was a capital hit, and nobody has had more advantage from it than we. It was all finished in the twinkling of an eye."

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ An immigration agent states that he has settled eighty families of Danes near Okalona, Miss., and is confident that within the next ten years he will have introduced twenty thousand Scandinavian families in Mississippi and Alabama. An immigration society has been formed among the planters at Okalona, and fifteen hundred acres have been given to the company, to be sold at a low price to actual settlers.

For coughs, colds and throat disorders, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," having *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. The Troches are highly recommended and prescribed by physicians. Those exposed to sudden changes should always be supplied with "*The Troches*" as they give prompt relief.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many *worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing.* Be sure to obtain the *true* "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"—Sold everywhere.

☞ The great fire in the Dismal Swamp will result in a great lake, from three to ten feet deep.

Just Out.

"*CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES,*"

For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitis

None so good, none so pleasant, none cure as quick.

RUGGLES & Co.,
oct23-3m 10 Astor House, New York.

☞ HOPS.—Hops very properly have their ups and downs. Last year, in Wisconsin, they weren't worth picking, but now bring from twenty-three to twenty-five cents per pound, and are rapidly advancing. Two years ago they were scarce and high; last year the market was glutted, and this year, again, very few were raised. Speculators are buying the crop for export.

To Soldiers, Heirs and Others—For collection of Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims. Address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUS & Co., sept4-1y

☞ It is estimated that the total production of grain in the United States for the current year will amount to fourteen hundred million bushels.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y

☞ Dickens is 57; Tennyson, 60.

New Dance.

A capital dance (so said) for young and old, at Thanksgiving or Christmas festivities, is thus recommended and described by a correspondent:—

If there is not an equal number of gentlemen and ladies—which alas! is seldom the case now—some of the ladies must take the part of the gentlemen, and the company be divided into two equal parts. Then numbers must be given to each side, from number one to as many as are joining in the dance, and then the numbers are called out. No. 1 gentleman takes No. 1 lady and stands at the head of the row, and No. 2 gentleman and No. 2 lady stand next to them, and so on until the list runs out.

This makes a good deal of fun to see what partner falls to the lot of each one. Then the music begins and the first couple march wherever they please, followed by all the rest, and then file off in opposite directions down the room, and march up arm in arm from where they meet; and then the lady at the head remains quiet while her partner files off alone down the outside of the column, and all the gentlemen advance one person up, in this way changing partners. Then the head couple file off again, followed by all, and meet and march up the centre of the room arm in arm, and *that* head gentleman goes down to the foot, while all the others move up one, and so change partners again; and so on until every gentleman has taken his turn. It must be remembered that the same lady keeps her place at the head of the column all the time, while the gentlemen are changing their places one degree after each march up arm in arm.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1870, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive National Calendar.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* Send for copies to the Central Manufactory, at Pittsburg, Pa., or to the nearest dealer in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world. dec4-4t

☞ A stage robber, recently arrested in California, has made a confession revealing the fact that there is an organized band, with code of laws, grips, signs and passwords, operating from Oregon to Arizona, and into Nevada. The band was originally organized at Portland, Oregon, and has for months pursued a career of robbery and murder.

"Who Would Suffer?"

It is now 24 years since Dr. Tobias first introduced the "*Venetian Liniment*" in the United States, and never in a single instance has his medicine failed to do all, if not more than is stated in his pamphlet. As an external remedy in cases of chronic rheumatism, headache, toothache, bruises, burns, cuts, sores, swellings, sprains, stings of insects and pains in limbs, back and chest, its wonderful curative powers are miraculous. Taken internally for the cure of cholera, colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, sick headache and vomiting, its soothing and penetrating qualities are felt as soon as taken. The oath with which each bottle is accompanied will show that there is nothing injurious in its composition. Thousands of certificates have been received speaking of the rare virtues of this valuable article. Any person after having used it once will never be without it. Every bottle of the genuine has the signature of "S. I. Tobias" on the outside wrapper.

Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 50 cents. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. dec4-4t

☞ A poor woman in Worcester, Mass., who for twenty weary years has waited to hear from her husband, has just received a letter from him, saying that he has amassed a fortune in California, and is waiting for her to enjoy its advantages with him.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Females whose systems are deranged from sedentary employment, will find immediate relief by using a few boxes of these most reliable Pills. They purify and enrich the blood, enabling the various organs to fulfill their duties.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23th of Nov., by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. CHARLES H. WRIGHT, U. S. Navy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Miss SUSIE L. PERKINS, of this city.

On the 3d of Dec., 1869, by John O. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. CHARLES G. HARRIS to Miss MARY A. KERWELL, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. H. S. Hoffman, Mr. PHILIP H. SKINNER to Miss ELIZA W. MARPLE, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, JOSEPH ACHUFF to Miss AMELIA FOULKROD, both of Frankford.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. WILLIAM L. CATHCART to Miss MARY BISLOP, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. C. S. Perkins, Mr. BENJAMIN F. HENSHAW to Miss REBECCA A. HEWITT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, THOMAS SCANLAN, in his 50th year.

On the 7th instant, CHARLES HOFFMAN, aged 21 years.

On the 6th instant, WILLIAM ASPHALL, in his 30th year.

On the 6th instant, MARY E., wife of Wm. Wilkinson, in her 31st year.

On the 5th instant, MRS. SUSANNA GREENWOOD, in her 41th year.

On the 5th instant, JAMES H. CRAWFORD, aged 50 years.

On the 5th instant, WILLIAM W. BACHMAN, in his 40th year.

On the 4th instant, CATHARINE ROHEN, in her 35th year.

On the 3d instant, MRS. ANN ZIMMERMAN, aged 84 years.

THE COMING YEAR.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 2d, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelet written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing

George Canterbury's Will.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

These will be followed by the following (among other) Novelets:

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

We make the following *Special Offer* to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all NEW subscribers for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelet, "A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all *new* subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. *Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of extra papers.*

☞ *At the present date we have a large number of the back papers to October 2d still on hand.*

This offer applies to all *new* subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and in the ease of getting up clubs—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, are we able to make THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

THE FORTUNE IN THE DAISY.

Of what are you dreaming, my pretty maid,
With your feet in the summer clover?
Ah! you need not hang your modest head;
I know 'tis about your lover.

I know by the blushes on your cheek,
Though you strive to hide the token;
And I know because you will not speak,
The thought that is unspoken.

You are counting the petals, one by one,
Of your dainty, dewy posies,
To find from their number, when 'tis done,
The secret it discloses.

You would see if he comes with gold and land—
The lover that is to woo you;
Or only brings his heart and his hand,
For your heart and your hand to sue you.

Beware, beware, what you say and do,
Fair maid, with your feet in the clover;
For the poorest man that comes to woo,
May be the richest lover!

Since not by outward show and sign
Can you reckon worth's true measure,
Who only is rich in soul and mind,
May offer the greatest treasure.

Ah! there never was power in gems alone
To bind a brow from aching;
Nor strength enough in a jeweled zone
To hold a heart from breaking.

Then be not caught by the sheen and glare
Of worldly wealth and splendor;
But speak him soft, and speak him fair,
Whose heart is true and tender.

You may wear your virtues as a crown,
As you walk through life serenely;
And grace your simple rustic gown
With a beauty more than queenly—

Though only one for you shall care,
One only speak your praises;
And you never wear, in your shining hair,
A richer flower than daisies!

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Rabbits.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ZIG.

"Go along and learn something-ological directly!" says Mrs. Gradgrind.

It doesn't occur to me what to call my ology. For days I have been floundering in the Dead Sea of big names. I should have been drowned and put out forever, without doubt, only that they say it is impossible to sink in the Dead Sea. But the Dead Sea of big names is too many for me. It always was too many for me. I should be ashamed to tell you how often to this day I hear those great long words, manufactured to order and measured with a yard-stick, when I haven't an earthly idea what they mean, and I'm too big to ask. They muddle me. They make me feel like a great gawky visiting his rich second cousin in the city. They throw me into a painfully helpless state. I can't tell whether it is gravy or wine-sauce. I'm just as likely as not to put my spoon into a custard, laboring under the delusion that it is mashed potatoes. I'm forever afraid of betraying my rural ignorance to my city cousins, the big words. They throw me into that state of mind which was the habitual state of mind of the poor, witless lady already mentioned,—"I wish I could feel satisfied in my mind that there was an earthly thing I am ever to hear the last of."

Time and again I have attacked Webster and Worcester, stoutly resolved to become mistress of at least a dozen ologies of five syllables. What were the sad consequences? For a week afterward, the moment I shut my innocent eyes of nights an innumerable row of insulted ologies, bristling all over with steel pens and porcupine quills, came trooping like witches on a broom-stick, to wait upon my nightly slumbers. My very bread and butter had a mouldy taste, as though I were dining off the bones of my ancestors. And when I tried to use my long words, I was forever making mistakes,—saying ology when I meant ography, and something ological when I meant nothing at all. People laughed at me. I remember only too well, long years ago, *how* long I won't tell you, when once I was president of a literary society. They had been lecturing me for an "undignified style of composition," forsooth, and here was a golden occasion to be dignified. I was going out of office, and must say some last words for myself and of welcome to the new president. I put my foot in it dreadfully, all on account of trying to maintain a proper dignity. To the day of my death I shall see a hideous vision of horrible smiles and nudges spreading all over a room, in the midst of which stand I, very hot and uncomfortable, saying,—"I now have the honor to resign the presidential chair to *my* worthy *predecessor!*" Methinks I see her yet. Like the ghosts of departed relations in Virgil, big words always seem to melt away from me just at the moment when I would embrace them, and my humiliated fingers close only on empty air. I seem always to hear the sweetly flowing vowels and brave consonants stepping grandly through the chambers of my mind's ear, but when I coax them with tears in my eyes to come out on paper, there is nothing there.

Words, words, words! you wouldn't believe it, maybe, but words are the plague of my life. My very pen at times takes the bit in its teeth and demoniacally persists in writing the right words the wrong way. *I* spell 'em right, my pen writes 'em wrong. Words with double letters especially. My pen invariably insists on doubling the wrong letter. Inanimate things are possessed, I think. Just now, when I wanted to write *spell*, my pen put it *spesl*. If I want to write *folly*, my pen makes me write *fooly;* if I want to put upon paper the good old Saxon word *Asel*, that distracted pen makes me say—a very wicked word indeed. Phrenologists tell me that I have not the bump of language well-developed, that I lack the gift of expression, but they always immediately avenge the human race by adding that my tongue has a preternatural activity within narrow limits. But I think it must be a mistake.

It is unconstitutional for me to use long words. We oughtn't to use Greek and Latin names anyhow, where an English one will do just as well. That's mobbish. We ought to have more of regard for our own brave mother tongue than to fall into such a fashion. And when you can't find an English word to suit you, just make one. So when I search the dictionary in vain for a long name suitable to my favorite study, what can I do but insert a force-pump into the Dead Sea of ologies and bring up one and make it fertilize the barren plain of my own dry imagination. I call this whimsical science *mydology*—*my*-ology because it isn't yours, you understand, friend.

Let us turn to our hash of Rabbits. A rabbit is a small, mild animal, remarkable for nothing in particular. It never does any good in the world particularly, and never any harm particularly, except when there is snow on the ground and it can't get anything else to eat, driven by the pangs of hunger, it sometimes mildly barks young cherry trees. Nature threw it in to fill up.

Nature abhors a vacuum, and when she had painted all the rest, she filled in the picture with a back-ground of rabbit-people. They are the neutral tints of society. They are the remarkable-for-nothing-in-particular people. Sarcastic Rochefoucauld says:—"There are people who would never have been in love, if they had never heard of love. He meant the rabbit-people. They never do anything of their own accord. They don't know how to. A pure native idea of their own would blow them to atoms. They come into the world, cut their teeth, fall in love, marry—just because other people do, and finally die when they see their acquaintances having funerals. The same cynical Frenchman above quoted speaks of a fool as a person who has not stuff enough to be good. He meant the rabbits again. They are neither good nor bad, nor indifferent. They would never murder anybody, but on the other hand they would never save anybody's life. They are as tasteless as weak beef tea, and about as nutritious to the human system as homœopathic soup. They are the tiresomest people on record. Their conversational powers are limited to the mild utterance of the sentences Yes'm and Nom'm. They worry you to death when you have to live with them. And if I were allowed liberty of choice in the matter, I declare to you confidentially that I would rather have an out-and-out Dick Turpin for a husband than a rabbit-man. A house-full of these negative, milk-and-water people is a worse infliction than the small-pox. If a man is bad and bold in wickedness, it proves that, whatever else he may be, he has at least the virtue of physical courage. But the rabbit-man has not even courage to be wicked, much less to be good. On the whole, the rabbit-people are the most unsatisfying collection of animals to write about in the universe. You can't say anything about them for the simple reason that there is nothing for you to set your pen against. It goes right through.

The sweet young men who part their hair in the middle and stand behind tape-counters and smile to order, belong among the harmless, innocent rabbits. And if you ask us if we mean to call tape-and-needle dry-goods clerks one and all rabbits, we answer—Yes, decidedly. If we put it strong, we put it correct, when we say that if there is any human creature whom nature created without having any particular object in view, that human creature is a dry-goods clerk. If you say the harmless dry-goods clerk is necessary; we answer you back that he is not at all necessary. A nice girl would do the very same work that he does, and do it better. He is out of the limits of man's sphere, and ought to be ashamed of himself. He is only a rabbit, at all times and places. No matter if he is seven feet high, and has the whiskers of a Blue Beard, he is still nothing but a rabbit, cuddling under a hay-stack out of the cold. He is neither this nor that, nor anything else. He is a dry-goods clerk. You can't tell whether his character is good or bad, for there is nothing in him to make a character out of. It always makes a reflective human being feel vicious to witness the spectacle of a six-foot male biped selling calico and hair-pins. With an untold amount of *manly* work all undone waiting for him in the world, with thousands of broad, fair acres calling to him from the West, with railroads to build and states to civilize, with colossal fortunes all ready for the arm which is strong enough to come and take them—this great, hulking six feet of sound flesh and blood turns his back on them all, and eats up the bread of poor, starving girls! Oh, my rabbit, my rabbit! It is a shame to you. Don't you feel in your bones that the absolutely good-for-nothing man on the face of the earth is a pretty, delicate little dry-goods clerk? Don't you see how you are "unsexing" yourself? Nature made a mistake and didn't intend it when she borned you a man.

Also the love of a minister, the nice young man adored by youthful ladies and petted by old ones, I'm afraid, generally speaking, is nothing but a rabbit, ready to be cooked over at any moment to suit the tastes of his congregation. He has spotless little white ties, spotless little white hands, and a uniformly meek and sleek look all over. He wouldn't write an unorthodox sentence or wear any coat but a black one, for the world. He is the pink of orthodoxy, is the love of a minister. He is as mild as tapioca, and as harmless as skim milk. He has the creed and confessions at his finger-ends, and never under any circumstances forgets the "clerical dignity." His voice is soft and proper; so are his manners. Regard for the feelings of good society is evermore before his eyes, therefore is he the delight of church mite societies. His sermons are perfect wonders in the way of delicately prepared dishes,—plenty of milk and sugar in them, not much salt and pepper. They are made up in a great measure of beautiful poetical quotations, and mellifluous pictures of heaven, though how he knows so much about heaven doth not appear, seeing that he never was there, possibly never will be. But the sermons are immensely taking, especially with young ladies, and they are without doubt perfectly innocent and harmless, like himself. The love of a minister never offends either the tastes or the pockets of his congregation. In which respect he is even more desirable than a love of a bonnet.

But I have some painful doubts whether this rabbit-minister, this luxurious, lily-fingered, silken individual is exactly the sort of preacher warrior St. Paul or St. John or Martin Luther would have sent out on a holy crusade to fight with and overcome the demons of darkness. I have had some thoughts, both puzzling and painful, as to whether *this* is the angel of light who will go down into foul, reeking homes of sin, and bear the stained, filthy, hollow-eyed children of hunger and crime on his golden wings up into an honest, pure life.

St. Paul and Martin Luther were old-fashioned fellows though,—unused to the ways of modern good society, and sin is dirty and indelicate, and maybe the new style is all right. But I don't know——I don't know.

Do you know how very near laughing and crying are to each other? I cannot set my pen to write any more, but it must run out into some sorrowful thought before it stops. I know not wherefore it is so.

Why don't we mention the rabbit-women? Because the rabbit-women are so many that they speak for themselves. I should be afraid to put my head out doors for a month, if I were to say how many rabbit-women there are in the world. The little rabbit-lady marries in order to be supported. She becomes a church-member because she is told to. She always obeys her husband—and everybody else. She swaddles her baby's feet up in a dozen yards of bungling flannel, and leaves its poor little arms and shoulders entirely naked, just because her mother and grand-mother were guilty of the same barbarous practice. She runs up long doctor bills, and turns herself into a miniature 'pothecary shop. She patronizes Russian fortune-tellers, and believes every word they tell her, like the poor deluded little dunce that she is. Her daughters are always impertinent, and her sons are the worst boys in town. She does not believe that women are capable of managing boys.

These credulous, ignorant, timid, silly rabbit-women are altogether too numerous at the present day. They account for quite a number of things. This irresponsible creature may perhaps answer the purpose of a gentle domestic machine to run the household establishment of masculine gentleman who fancy that style of wife, but she has no call to be anybody's mother.

Friend, pray you be something in and of yourself. Have opinions of your own, and stick to them. Don't catch up the stupid trick of agreeing with everybody, and being nobody yourself. Don't be a mere rabbit in the hands of that Great Cook, the world. It will roast you unmercifully, it will.

Have we said all we meant to about human rabbits, and the rest? I dinna ken. Writing is like sinning, when once you have slid into the crooked path, an evil enchantment seizes you, an inky little Satan within you keeps lashing you on, and whispering so nobody else can hear, Write—Write! And the more you write, the more you find you haven't said half of what you wanted to say. But let us stop in mercy. It is always queerly pleasant to me to finish off with a touch of brave old Bunyan. He knew full well how the pages stretch out four times as long as you want them to when you go to writing, confessing how there came into his head

"More than twenty things which I set down;
This done, I twenty more had in my crown.'

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BREAKING THE NEWS TO BELLE.

The handsome carriage of Mrs. Garston, with its fat old coachman on the box in front, and its footman behind, holding his gold-headed stick slantwise, was steadily making its way along the Strand. But that Mrs. Garston was a little eccentric, ordering her carriage out at all hours as the mood took her, her servants might have wondered what took her abroad so early this morning. St. Mary's Church was striking eleven as they bowled past it.

Thomas Kage felt surprised, if the servants did not. He was hard at work in his chambers on the dull November morning, when Mrs. Garston's footman penetrated to the room, saying his mistress was coming up. Hastening down, Mr. Kage met her on the first flight of stairs, ascending by the help of her stick. She took his arm without a word of greeting, and pointed upwards. He stirred his fire into a blaze, and brought forward the most comfortable chair for her to sit in.

"Have you heard the news?" she shortly asked. And they were the first words she had spoken. Mr. Kage replied that he had heard none in particular.

Upon that Mrs. Garston dived into her pocket, and brought forth two letters, which she placed on the table. She was relieving herself of some weighty emotion by emphatic thumps with her stick. Thomas Kage wondered what in the world had happened.

"She'll repent it to the last hour of her life. Mark you that, Thomas—though I may not live to see it. I thought her a fool for making that other marriage; but she was not half the fool then that she is now."

And still Thomas Kage was in the dark.

The two letters before Mrs. Garston were written, one by Barnaby Dawkes, airily announcing his marriage with Mrs. Canterbury; the other by Keziah. Keziah very briefly mentioned the ceremony at which she had assisted; and followed it up by telling of the seizure of Mrs. Kage. She, Keziah, intended to remain with the sick woman that one night; and a despatch had been sent after Mrs. Dawkes, who might be expected to return on the morrow. Altogether, what with one untoward event and another, Caroline's second marriage did not seem to have been inaugurated happily.

"Married! To *him*—and in this indecent haste!" Thomas Kage could not help exclaiming. "What could have induced it?"

"Induced it!" wrathfully echoed Mrs. Garston. "Why, his persuasive tongue, his cajolery—that's what has induced it. Barby Dawkes, with his rolling eyes and his tongue of oil, would wile a door off its hinges. I understand now the reason for his burying himself alive in the place, and concealing it from everybody. I understand why Keziah made a mystery of it to me, and pretended that the place was in Wales, and she couldn't pronounce the name. He has been at Chilling all the while, practising his arts on George Canterbury's widow."

Thomas Kage, standing against the window and looking dreamily out, remembered how he had heard the news of her first marriage in this self-same spot. *This* did not shake him as that had done; proving how well time had exercised its healing properties. Brought face to face with her the night that they stood together lately at the Rock, some of the old passion cropped up in his heart, and it had almost seemed to him that he loved her as of yore; in that hour of sentiment, when practical reality was lost sight of in romance, it could scarcely have been otherwise. All his present grief was felt for Caroline, and it was intensely keen. He saw, with a certainty so great as to partake of the nature of prevision, that this marriage was nearly the worst mistake she could possibly have made.

Mrs. Garston rose from her chair and came towards him, tapping his arm with her forefinger, her eyes and face almost solemnly earnest.

"Look you, Thomas—this marriage will not bring Barby good. It has been brought about by deceit. He has been deceiving her all along as to himself, his character, his means; he has been miserably deceiving that unhappy child Belle Annesley. Grand stroke of fortune though it may be in his opinion, it will never bring him good."

"I'm sure it will not bring her good," cried Thomas Kage impetuously.

"I know now what his game was. He has been playing fast and loose with Belle, intending to take her if the richer scheme failed. I know now why he wanted his time to consider of it; and who he meant when he asked me if I would make the same terms if he married another. Ah, ha, Mr. Barby; you would afterwards have persuaded me it was my deafness that heard the question amiss! You and Keziah have been acting together to deceive me and gain your ends; it may not serve you much in the long-run."

Thomas Kage made no answer.

"She has got a wagon-load of wealth, but he'll get through as much as he can of it," proceeded the shrewd old lady. "I've never had much love for Barby, or Keziah either. I dislike them now. What have they cared for playing with the feelings of Belle, so that their turn was served? He liked her too, he did. And it is not Mrs. Canterbury he has abandoned the girl for, but Mrs. Canterbury's money. Old Canterbury was a fool ever to leave her such a prey."

Very true. From first to last the will seemed to have brought nothing but ill. Last? The last was not come yet.

"I'm sorry for the poor old woman, Thomas. It seems she has got some feeling, for all her affected folly. You should have seen her the day she came to me—with her painted cheeks and her girl's white bonnet and flowers; and her palsied head nodding nineteen to the dozen over all. She brought in a fan and a cargo of smelling-bottles—it's as true as that I'm telling it. I'm afraid, too, I misled her—saying that it was Belle Annesley Barby was going to marry; but then, you see, I thought it was. Oh, but they are crafty, he and Keziah! But for hoodwinking me, and causing me to say what I did, Mrs. Kage might have gone back at once to Chilling, and stopped the marriage."

"Yes, it might have been so," Thomas acknowledged. But he remembered what he himself had told Caroline of Barnaby Dawkes, and therefore he felt that she was almost as much to blame as he. What infatuation could have blinded her?

"And now I'll go," said Mrs. Garston. "And, Thomas, you'd better call in at Belle Annesley's and break the news to her. It will be a blow; mind you that. Better not let it come upon her suddenly. I'm sorry for the child. So long as she was no better than a stage dancing-girl, flirting with every man she came near, I'd have nothing to say to her except abuse; but she was wise in time, and put all that aside. You break it to her; you know how to do such things; and so did your mother before you."

"I shall not be able to leave my chambers until late in the day."

"Very well; it will keep. Dickey Dunn and his wife are away, and there's nobody else would be likely to tell her. For the matter of that, I don't suppose it's known to a soul in London except you and me. There'll be a flaming paragraph in the Times to-morrow, as there was last time she had a wedding, but it couldn't be got in to-day. Oh, Barby Dawkes is a crafty one!"

Seizing Thomas Kage's arm, Mrs. Garston moved a step towards the door. Suddenly she dropped it again.

"You are trustee to the child's money, I think, Thomas?"

"Yes."

"Take you good care of it, then, or Barby will be too many for you. He'd wring the heart out of a live man, if it were made of gold."

Thomas Kage smiled; but there was nevertheless a very determined tone in his voice as he gave his answer.

"So long as I am in trust, he shall never wring a sixpence out of me belonging to the boy, Mrs. Garston. Rely upon that."

Mrs. Garston nodded with some satisfaction; and stood to take a look from the window. The river flowed on drearily, the grass looked poor, even Mr. Broom's chrysanthemums, dying away, had a sombre look as of the dead.

"It's a dull look out, Thomas. I think I'd rather see plain bricks-and-mortar."

"All things look dull on these dark November days. You should see it in the spring sunshine."

"I can't think, for my part, how old Broom gets his flowers to such perfection. They must have been a show a month ago."

"Indeed they were; a very fine one."

"I'll go, Thomas, now. I suppose I'm only hindering you. Show me where you sleep first."

He opened the door of his bed-room, and Mrs. Garston and her stick marched round it, making her comments.

"Not bad for a makeshift: sheets and counterpanes a tolerable color; places tidy. Who makes your bed, Thomas?"

"A woman comes to do all I want. She is the boy's mother."

"Does she shake up the feathers well? Some of 'em are too lazy to give it more than a turn and a push."

"It's a mattress," he answered, laughing.

"Ah, that was one of Lady Kage's crotchets, I remember—mattresses. Well, I'm glad to see there's some approach to comfort for you, Thomas: but you'd be better off in your own home."

"Indeed I am glad that Mr. Rashburn has remained my tenant so long. The lease will be out next year, Mrs. Garston—"

"Do you suppose I don't know that?" was the interruption. "Mine will be out as well as yours."

"And I am not sure but I shall give it up," he added. "A single man does not need a house of that sort."

"Give it up, will you? Just as you please, Thomas Kage. Your mother thought you'd be a good son and neighbor to me; but her wishes and mine don't go for much, I see."

"Indeed they do, dear Mrs. Garston."

"Indeed they *don't*. Would you ever have gone out of your house, else, and let it to strangers?"

She walked rapidly through the rooms as she spoke, ungraciously accepting his arm

at the stairs. Mr. Kage helped her into her carriage—to the admiration of a small collection of urchins, who had assembled to stare at the equipage and the attire of the imposing footman.

"Good-bye, Thomas Kage. You'll come in to dinner, and tell me how the child takes it." And he nodded assent as the carriage rolled off.

Mr. Kage did not by any means like his task; for he knew that he should inflict pain. But he accepted it as a duty. Some one would have to be the inflictor—better himself than a stranger.

He did not get up westward until long after dusk had set in, which came on early that gloomy day. Belle Annesley, quite unconscious of the shock that was in store for her, was at that time in her mother's chamber. Mrs. Annesley, in an invalid wrapper, her feet stretched out to the warm fire, had dosed off in her easy-chair. Belle, seated on a low stool on the other side, was indulging herself with a peep at Barnaby Dawkes's last letter, not yet a fortnight old, holding the pages noiselessly to the firelight, when a servant came in and said Mr. Kage was below. The noise, slight though it was, aroused the sleeper; and Belle, as if by magic, had nothing at all in her hands.

"What did Ann say, my dear?"

"Mr. Kage has called, mamma. Shall I go down?"

"Of course; he has come to see me, Belle; but I am very tired to-night. Perhaps, if he does not mind, he will let me be till another evening."

"I'll tell him," said Belle gleefully, the soft passages of the hidden letter—meaning nothing to an impartial ear—making melody in her mind. "But, mamma dear, I think he might do you good. I am sure you want rousing, and Thomas Kage is very gentle."

"Not this evening, dear; not this evening. Is it tea-time, Belle?"

"It will be soon. I'll dismiss Mr. Kage in a whirlwind of hurry, and come and make it."

"Ah, child, what spirits you have! And you were for a long while so down-hearted. I never knew why, or what the reason was; but you've got all your natural gayety back of late."

"The reason?—why, mamma, I was lamenting for my sins!" spoke Belle, with a light laugh. "Don't you know what a naughty girl I used to be? Don't you remember the uneasiness I gave you? Sarah often said I frightened her: but we called her an old maid in those days."

Mrs. Annesley was looking at her daughter. The gay tone, the glad countenance, the dainty dress—a pale-blue gleaming silk—all told of a mind at rest within.

"What are you dressed for, child?"

"This is Mrs. Lowther's night."

"To be sure. You are going there."

"But not for ages yet, mamma. I shall have tea with you first, and go in at my leisure; seven o'clock or so. The children won't leave till nine or ten. Perhaps Thomas Kage has come to go with me. I never thought of that."

Glancing at her pretty self in the glass, touching her golden hair and the blue ribbons that mingled with it—for Miss Belle was a vain little coquette still at heart—she ran lightly down. Thomas Kage was standing by the dining-room fire.

"Have you come to accompany me to Mrs. Lowther's?" she asked, as he shook hands.

"To Mrs. Lowther's? No."

"She has a child's party to-night. I shall make mamma's tea and take some with her before I go in. Perhaps you came to see mamma, then? But she is tired: she has been very low and weak all the afternoon."

"No, not your mamma. My visit is to you, Belle."

He had never smiled once: tone and face were alike remarkably grave. She could but notice it; and one of those instincts of ill, that perhaps we have all experienced, stole over her.

"Have you brought me any bad tidings, Thomas?" she asked, calling him by the familiar name, as she had done before at earnest moments. "Mrs. Garston is not ill?"

"Mrs. Garston is quite well. She has had some news from the country to-day, and I—I have come to tell you what it is."

"Good news, or bad?"

"It relates to a wedding; but I call it bad. Won't you sit down, Belle?"

"I'd rather stand. I've been sitting all day in mamma's room. Well?"

"A friend of yours has been getting married, Belle," he continued, thinking how very badly he was performing his task, now that the critical moment had come. "Can you guess who it is?"

"A friend of mine! Oh, I can't guess. It's nobody that I care much to hear about, I suppose. I have no very close friends, Thomas; except married ones."

She was perplexingly unsuspicious. Thomas Kage did not speak for a minute, and the young lady took occasion to call his attention to her attire.

"Is not this a lovely dress?" pulling the skirt out with her two hands to show its beauty. "If mamma were as particular as she used to be, she'd grumble like anything at my wearing it to a child's party. But she's not. She says I am changed; I'm sure *she* is."

"Belle, I must get my news out," he said with sudden resolution. "I am beating about the bush, my dear, because I dislike to have to give you pain. Of all the people in the world, whose marriage would you be the most unpleasantly surprised to hear of?"

"Of all the people in the world!" repeated Belle, dropping her dress and lifting her innocent face. "Do you mean the women?"

"No; the men."

"Oh, I—I don't know."

The color was beginning to flush her face, her voice to hesitate. But still Belle had not the least suspicion of the astounding news. To connect any one in ideal marriage now with Barnaby Dawkes was simply impossible, unless it had been herself. Looking at Thomas Kage from a hopeless sea of mist, the notion suddenly flashed over her that some harm had happened to the gallant gentleman.

"Have you—come to tell me anything bad about Captain Dawkes?" she timidly whispered, hanging her head.

"You may call it bad. I would not pain you with it if I could help, Belle."

"He was not in that—oh, Mr. Kage, there was an awful railway accident in the Times, this morning! He was not in that?"

"No, no. Captain Dawkes has been behaving like a villain: it is neither more nor less. Can't you take my hint, child?"

Belle's face was growing whiter than chalk.

"You must tell me, please," came from her trembling lips.

"Dawkes is married."

Oh, the sound of anguish that broke from that poor girl's heart! Mr. Kage thought she was going to faint, and threw his arm round her.

"My dear child, be calm. You see now how utterly unworthy he has always been of you."

"Will you please put me in a chair?" she gently said.

He was just in time. She did not quite faint, only lay like a dead weight for some minutes, and then her heart began to beat frightfully. Thomas Kage would not call assistance, for her sake. Presently she sat up, trying to be brave, and leaned her cheek upon her hand. He drew his chair close.

"Now tell me all about it, please. I must know. Whom has he married?"

"Mrs. Canterbury, of the Rock."

"Mrs. Canterbury, of the Rock!" almost shrieked the girl, in her surprise. "Oh—then—it may be for her money. It—may not—have been—for love."

"Be you very sure that money would outweigh love in his estimation any day," spoke Mr. Kage, with scornful emphasis.

"But she is young and very lovely," came the bitter rejoinder, the one grain of comfort losing itself in torment. "Nearly as young as I am."

Mr. Kage took the listless, trembling hands in his, speaking gently.

"You must regard me as a brother, Belle—I have asked you this before—and pour out your soul's trouble to me. It will make it easier for you to bear. I went through the same ordeal once myself, child, and can give you back sympathy for sympathy, sigh for sigh. I was the fittest person to break this to you—and badly enough I've done it—but I knew I should be more welcome than a stranger. All that you are suffering, *I* suffered: suffered for years."

Belle bent her head and let her cold forehead rest a moment on Mr. Kage's hands as they held hers. It was a token that she understood and thanked him.

"Was it for *her?* I can feel more at ease if you tell me. We will keep each other's secret for ever."

"Yes, it was."

"I think I'll go to mamma, please," she said, attempting to rise; and her bosom was heaving, and her voice seemed to have lost its life. But Mr. Kage detained her.

"An instant, while I speak to you of Barnaby Dawkes. I can now give you my opinion freely. While there was a possibility that—that a nearer tie might sometime exist between you, my tongue was tied."

"You have never thought well of him."

"Annabel, there exists not a man in the world whose conduct I think much worse of than I do of his. I do not believe that he has the smallest sense of honor. He is a false, pitiful, self-indulgent coward. Had you married him, I feel persuaded he would have made your life a misery."

"And she? Will hers be that?"

"I fear so; but in a less degree, perhaps, than yours would have been. With her vast wealth they can live as fashionable people—he going his way, she hers."

A moment's pause. Was Belle about to faint again? Her wan face suggested it. Thomas Kage rose, holding her hands still and bending over her.

"My dear, believe me, and try to realize what I say to your own heart. A marriage with Barnaby Dawkes would have been nothing but a great misfortune. Take comfort. Your pain just now is difficult to bear, but I think you will be able, regarding him as entirely lost to you, to throw it off day by day. I had to do it."

She wrung his hands with a lingering grasp, and turned to quit the room. As he was opening the door for her, she stopped.

"I cannot go to Mrs. Lowther's. Do you mind telling her? Say—say—oh, Thomas, I don't know what you can say! I had so faithfully promised to go."

"I will say that Mrs. Annesley is very tired to-night, and you do not care to come out. Leave it to me. God bless and comfort you, child!"

She went straight to her own chamber—not at present was she fit for mortal eyes—and there she strove to battle out the first fury of the pitiless storm. Desolation! desolation! Amidst all the tumult of her unhappy heart, Annabel Annesley was conscious that it would be nothing less for ever.

When she emerged from the room, her silken robe had been replaced by one plain and soft, the blue ribbons were no longer in her hair. There was no emotion visible, no sign left of the anguish she had passed through; her face and herself were alike strangely quiet.

"My love, how long you have been!" exclaimed Mrs. Annesley, glancing at the yet unused teatray that waited on the table.

"I am very sorry, mamma. You shall have your tea in one minute. I have been taking my dress off."

The tone of the voice seemed changed; it was so meekly subdued as to sound like one of despair. Mrs. Annesley glanced at Belle, busy with the teacups, and noted the change of attire.

"Why, what's that for?"

"I don't care to go to Mrs. Lowther's, after all. I will stay with you instead, mamma."

Her mother alone henceforth. Belle had nothing else left in life to cherish now.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ There is something wonderfully grotesque in the Japanese mind, with all its genuine force. It appears that whenever the Mikado goes abroad, the upper windows of the streets through which he passes are closed and sealed up with paper bands, "so that no one may look down upon him"—not, that is, despise him, but stand on a greater elevation than he.

☞ A story is told of two men who travelled together three days in a stage coach without a word ever passing between them. On the fourth day one of them at length ventured to remark that it was a fine morning. "And who said it worn't?" was the reply.

☞ Here is a "personal" advertisement in a French newspaper:—"Eliza, you can return to the house. The boil on my nose has gone."

☞ An exchange says: "Married at Sunberry, by Rev. Cranberry, Nehemiah Blackberry to Catherine Elderberry, of Danbury."

A CHINESE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

FROM A NATIVE PICTURE.

In the picture you see a train of Chinamen in a funeral procession, which, in most cases, takes place in the night. The coffin, which is thick and heavy, is borne on the shoulders of four men to the cemetery; a man goes before it with a basket in his hand, containing paper money, which he throws on the ground as a sign that he is paying toll to the spirits of the earth, for the dead one which is coming after; behind the coffin, follow the friends and relatives of the deceased, who are clad in white, (their mourning color.) If you examine the picture closely you will find on the background of the right side, some priests, who are beating gongs and other instruments. When the train reaches the cemetery, the bearers stop, and the coffin is placed on the ground. Every one then steps forward, and, kneeling before the dead, makes a number of bows to pay his last respects, while, meantime, the priests are saying prayers in a low tone. It is also customary, on such occasions, to offer sacrifices to all the spirits, who, they believe, are staying near the earth, and beg them to be kind to their new companion who is going to join them. After performing all these ceremonies, the coffin is let down into the grave amidst the loud cries of the living.

IN SORROW.

When thou art sorrowful, and cares around
Crowd fast upon the steps of happier days;
When thou believ'st e'en brightest things can lend
The saddest echo to the gayest lays—
As men of old were fed with angels' food—
Go, seek thy remedy in doing good.

When those to thee the dearest shall have died,
And each fresh day grows weary to thine eyes;
When every hope that others build upon
Comes to thy senses with a sad surprise—
Take up the burden of another's grief;
Learn from another's pain thy woe's relief.

Mourner, believe that sorrow may be bribed
With tribute from the heart, not sighs nor tears,
But nobler sacrifice—of helping hands,
Of cheering smiles, of sympathetic ears.
Oft have the saddest words the sweeter strain;
In angels' music let thy soul complain.

Then Grief shall stand with half-averted foot
Upon the threshold of a brighter day;
And Hope shall take her sweetly by the hand,
And both kneel down with Faith to meekly pray.
Lifted from earth, Peace shall immortalize
The heart that its own anguish purifies.

MY UNLUCKY FRIEND.

FROM THE LONDON "BELGRAVIA."

Among my fellow-passengers on the overland route from Calcutta there were many of a more lively temperament and social turn than Mr. John Agnus Marlow, civil engineer; yet it was to that gentleman I chiefly attached myself during my homeward voyage, some years ago. He was forty years of age, grave—nay, indeed, almost stern of speech and manner; a man whom very few feminine critics would have called handsome, but in whose dark thoughtful face, deep-set gray eyes, and strongly-marked black eyebrows there was a stamp of intellectual power which no physiognomist could fail to recognise. His professional position was high, and he was commonly reputed a rich man. He was a bachelor, and was now returning to his native country as an invalid, having over-taxed both mind and body in the cause of a late arduous undertaking in railway construction. I too, a lieutenant in her Majesty's service, was returning home on sick-leave, but with very little claim to pity on the score of ill-health, and with most cheerful anticipation of a pleasant holiday among familiar scenes and old friends.

I had met Mr. Marlow in society before leaving Calcutta, and the ice being thus broken between us, our acquaintance quickly ripened into something more than the ordinary companionship of fellow-travellers. He was my senior by fifteen years, and in evidently weak health; so I was pleased to be of use to him in any small matters whereby I might spare him some of the fatigue of the journey, and to defer on all occasions to his humor. I found him very variable in mood, at times silent and thoughtful to an extreme degree, at other times full of pleasant conversation. He had read much and thought much; had a warm appreciation of art, and a refined taste in all matters; but was not a man likely to shine in general society. He grew singularly depressed in manner as we drew nearer the end of our journey; and while we walked the deck of the steamer together one moonlight night, smoking our cigars in meditative silence, I ventured to make some remark on the subject.

"Gloomy do you think me?" he asked; "and I daresay you are right. I ought to be glad to see England again, no doubt, but I cannot summon up any sense of pleasure in the anticipation. I have been so long away from—well, I suppose one must call one's birth-place home—that I have lost all interest in the place and its belongings. Those whom I loved are dead. This voyage is altogether a concession to my doctors. I was happy in the pursuit of my profession, and I like India."

"You must find life rather dismal up the country," said I, "as a bachelor."

"Yes," he answered with a faint sigh, "it is lonely enough; but a man who works as hard as I have done has little time to feel the loneliness of his life."

"You should marry, and take a wife back to India with you," I ventured to suggest.

He gave a short little laugh, as he threw away the end of his cigar.

"I finished with that kind of a thing when I was twenty," he said. "I had my dream, and it came to a bad ending. I am not a man to be fooled twice."

It was late in October when we landed at Southampton. I was engaged to spend the next month in Scotland with a brother officer, but my Christmas was to be passed at my father's house in Warwickshire; and before parting with John Marlow, I extorted a promise that he would run down to us for a week at that festive season. He made the promise somewhat unwillingly though not ungraciously.

"It is very good of you to care for such a dull old fellow as I am, Frank," he said; and with this we parted.

When my month's sport in Scotland was ended, I hastened home in high spirits and rude health. I found my three sisters—Clara, Georgy, and Jessy—waiting for me at the railway-station; three tall, blooming damsels, whom I had left some years before in pinafores and short skirts. They were eager to tell me all the home news, and almost bewildered me by their chatter as we drove from the station to the lodge-gates.

"We have a new governess, Frank," said Clara, when they had informed me of all the births, deaths, marriages, and engagements to marry among our friends and neighbors; "poor old Miss Colby's health gave way at the last, and she has taken a dear little cottage in Lord Leigh's model village. So papa insisted on getting some one else to finish us in music and languages, and so on. Miss Lawson, our new governess, is only twenty, two years older than I, but she is very accomplished, and so pretty. I hope you won't fall in love with her, Frank."

This I protested was a most improbable contingency; but I was not the less curious to see the lady in question.

"You will have plenty of her society," said Georgy; "she is always with us. Papa likes her amazingly."

As my father had been ten years a widower, I suggested that this liking on his part might be dangerous; but the three girls indignantly repudiated the idea, and I was content to defer to their judgment.

When we assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, I found Miss Lawson talking to Georgy in one of the windows, and had some few minutes' leisure in which to observe her before my sister beckoned me across the room in order to present me to the stranger. She was a tall, aristocratic-looking girl, with a perfect profile, dark-brown hair, hazel eyes, and a singularly pale complexion; a girl whom no one could fail to observe and admire, but about whose beauty there might, nevertheless, be some difference of opinion. When I had been talking to her for some minutes, her expression struck me as not altogether agreeable. Her lips were too thin for my notion of feminine beauty, and the chin and mouth a shade too decided. Her eyes were perfect in color, but I thought them somewhat wanting in depth and softness. Not long, however, did I remain critical upon the subject of Miss Lawson's beauty. There was a charm about her voice and manner not easily to be resisted by a man of my age; and when I retired to my room that night I had no feeling but unqualified admiration for my sisters' governess.

I told them next day of my invitation to Mr. Marlow, and his acceptance thereof.

"I wish he might take a fancy to you, Clara," I said, laughing. "It would be a capital match. John Marlow is one of the best fellows I ever met—and a rich man into the bargain."

"And forty years of age, as you admitted just now," exclaimed Clara, indignantly. "I am not so desperately in want of offers, Mr. Frank, nor so mercenary as to care for your friend's money."

Miss Lawson looked up from a water-colored sketch which she was finishing for Georgy.

"Mr. John Marlow," she repeated; "my mother once knew a gentleman of that name. Do you know if he comes from Hadleigh Court, Lincolnshire?"

"Yes, Miss Lawson. He owns a place of that name, I believe. Have you ever seen him?"

"Oh, dear no! He went to India before I was born. I have heard my mother speak of him. That is all I know of the gentleman."

Christmas came, and with it several visitors; amongst them, John Angus Marlow. He had improved in health; but his quiet manners seemed more than usually quiet when compared with the somewhat boisterous gayety of our county friends, whose high spirits had never been subdued by hard work or oriental sunshine. My sisters voted him the dullest of bachelors, and declared that his society was absolutely depressing.

"There must be some melancholy secret connected with the poor man's early life," said Clara; "and I believe Margaret Lawson knows all about it. You should have seen his face when I introduced him to her, Frank. He started as if he had seen a ghost, but said nothing, and seemed quite glad to get away from her after a few formal sentences about the weather and so on."

This was on the morning after my friend's arrival. I watched his movements in the drawing-room that evening, and saw that he studiously avoided Miss Lawson's society, devoting himself chiefly to my sister Clara, who seemed on this occasion to find him by no means dull or disagreeable.

We smoked our cigars together that night on a terrace outside the drawing-room windows, when the rest of our party had retired; and while we were doing so John Marlow astonished me by saying,

"Should you be very angry, Frank, if I brought my visit to an abrupt close, and left you to-morrow morning by an early train?"

"I should be very sorry," I replied. "But what on earth should induce you to run away from us like that?"

"A kind of panic, Frank. You will laugh at me for my folly. I told you I had my dream, and that it came to a bad end. I never thought to be reminded of that bitter ending as I have been since I came into this house. It's no use trying to keep my secret from you, Frank. Your sister's governess, Miss Lawson, is the daughter and the living image of the only woman I ever loved, the woman who jilted me under circumstances of peculiar heartlessness. I was her junior by a couple of years, and worshipped her with a slavish passion. She made me a foil to another man, and threw me off remorselessly when she had brought him to her feet. She was a girl of good birth and position, but without money. Captain Lawson, the man she married, was rich, but a dissipated scoundrel, and would have run through a much larger fortune than that which he had inherited from his father's commercial successes. He died early, and left his widow and child dependent on his family, who were not the sort of people to do much for them. She—Florence Lawson, his widow—did not long survive him. The news of her death reached me in India fifteen years ago. I never thought to look upon the face of her daughter."

"And you would run away from here on this account?"

"Yes, Frank; I am very weak upon this subject. It seems to me as if there was a kind of fatality in my meeting Florence Lawson's daughter. I have labored so hard to forget that woman, and the harm she inflicted on me. I thought the very memory of my wrongs was blotted from my mind; but the sight of that girl brought the old pain back with all its sharpness. I can't trust myself in her society, Frank. Let me be wise, and leave her."

I was astonished by this almost childish weakness in such a man as John Marlow, and used my utmost eloquence to argue him out of his folly. My reasoning prevailed at last, and he consented to remain with us.

We spent the next day in an excursion to Warwick Castle. Miss Lawson was with us; and while we were exploring the fine old rooms, I saw her more than once engaged in conversation with Mr. Marlow; nor did he take any pains to avoid her in the drawing-room that evening.

Several days passed, and John Marlow said no more about leaving us. He was so undemonstrative in his manners as to excite little notice from strangers; but I, who really liked him, watched him closely, and I saw that his attention was given almost exclusively to Margaret Lawson. It seemed to me that he was drawn to her always against his will. He approached her in a kind of half-reluctant manner; but once by her side he never quitted her till the evening was ended. She, for her part, appeared to take much interest in his society, and was always ready to sing or play at his request. Of course this did not escape the quick ob-

servation of my sisters, and one morning when I dropped into the school-room during Miss Lawson's absence, the subject was discussed among them.

"I daresay she would marry him for the sake of a position," said Clara. "She has no prospect except matrimony, and I know she hates a life of dependence on her rich relations, purse-proud disagreeable people, according to her account of them."

"I hope she would marry him for his own sake," I answered; "I should be sorry for John Marlow if it were otherwise, for I believe him to be a man of very deep feelings."

"Then he had better steer clear of Margaret Lawson," said my sister. "Whatever heart she has to give is bestowed elsewhere. She left her last situation on account of a love-affair with the only son of the house, a Mr. Horace Rawdon. His father, Sir Michael Rawdon, was furious against the young man, and sent him abroad on account of the affair. Margaret told me the story with her own lips, and showed me Mr. Rawdon's portrait. He and all his family are as poor as church mice, she told me, but they had great expectations in the matrimonial way for the young man. He might have married his cousin, the only child of a rich manufacturer, who has a splendid place near Rawdon Park, and who very much wished for an alliance between the two families."

The first time we were alone together I told John Marlow what I had heard from my sister, determined that he should not suffer a second time from a misplaced affection, if any effort of mine could prevent the sacrifice. The effect of my words was much more severe than I had anticipated, and I saw that the grave iron-gray bachelor had been hard hit.

"I must know how far this affair has gone," he said abruptly. "I will ask Margaret for an explanation."

"Will that be fair to my sisters?" I asked. "Miss Lawson may very justly consider them guilty of a breach of confidence, and she will assuredly think me an arrant mob for talking of her affairs. I should not have broached the subject if you had not expressed a kind of dread of this girl's influence over your mind."

"Yes," he replied, "I did fear her influence, heaven knows whether wisely or foolishly; and I will take care not to commit you or your sisters, Frank. But I must know the truth from Margaret's own lips. I have the right of a future husband to question her. The die is cast, Frank. She has promised to be my wife. It is rather rapid work, no doubt; but Miss Lawson's lonely position justified my acting promptly, and no lapse of time could make me love her better than I do. I have urged her to consent to an early marriage, and I hope to marry her from her uncle's house, in London, before the beginning of Lent. You must not think me a fool for this sudden passion, Frank. This girl brought the memory of my youth back to me, and it is in her power to atone for all the pain her mother inflicted upon me."

I tried to congratulate him, but it was now my turn to be weakly superstitious and to perceive a kind of fatality in this affair. The truth of the matter was, that I could not bring myself to believe in Miss Lawson. There was a light in those brilliant, hazel eyes, that was not the radiance of a candid soul. I watched her closely after this conversation with John Marlow; and although her manner to him was all that it should have been, I was secretly convinced that she had no real love for her affianced husband.

Whatever explanation arose between the lovers appeared satisfactory to my friend. He told me afterwards that Margaret had behaved with perfect candor. It was true that young Rawdon had made her an offer, but she had never in any manner encouraged his attentions or returned his affection. The affair had reached his father's ears through one of his sisters, Miss Lawson's pupils, and had resulted in his banishment from home; but the heart and mind of the governess had, according to her own account, been utterly unaffected.

My sisters were speedily informed of Miss Lawson's engagement, and were too good-natured to feel anything but pleasure on hearing the news; although, in their eyes, the age of the bridegroom entirely destroyed the romance of the courtship. Clara could not banish the recollection of Horace Rawdon, the absent traveller, who had gone on a trading expedition to the coast of Africa, hoping to enrich himself by that means.

"Margaret ought to have waited for his return," said my sister. "I know she was very much in love with him when she first came here, let her say what she will."

In the second week in January, Mr. Marlow left us to return to London, in order to make all necessary arrangements for his marriage; but before bidding me good-bye at the station, he invited me to join him in town at my earliest convenience. He had lodgings in the neighborhood of Piccadilly, and ample accommodation for a visitor. Miss Lawson was to leave us for a fortnight afterwards to return to her relations, who were eager to receive her, now that she was about to make an advantageous marriage. Her uncle, Mr. Samuel Lawson, was a stock-broker, occupying a large, gaudily-furnished house at Bayswater.

During the week following Mr. Marlow's departure, I amused myself by watching Miss Lawson in the interests of my friend. Every other morning's post brought her a letter from her lover, and several registered packets of jewelry gratified her during the course of the week, nor were Mr. Marlow's gifts by any means trifling in value. I fancied, however, that she received these tributes very much as a matter of course; and on more than one occasion, when she talked to me of my friend, it seemed to me that she was more intent on obtaining information as to his position and resources in India than she was interested in my praises of his character and talents.

It was on my last morning at home, that the post-bag brought Miss Lawson a foreign letter, the aspect of which caused her evident agitation. She did not open this epistle at the breakfast-table, and I thought that she looked at me somewhat anxiously as she slipped it into her pocket. She knew that I was going to spend the next week with her lover, and perhaps imagined that I should mention this letter.

I found John Marlow in excellent spirits. He had sketched out a continental trip with his young wife for the month of March, and had engaged a pretty furnished house at the West-end to receive them on their return to London in May.

"I shall give her all the pleasures and gayeties that a woman of her age has a right to enjoy," he said. "She shall have no occasion to regret having married a man twenty-years her senior."

"Tell me one thing, Marlow," I said, seriously. "You mean this to be a love-match, don't you? You wouldn't marry Margaret Lawson, if you believed her influenced by your position and fortune, would you, old fellow?"

"I would not, Frank."

"So help you heaven?"

"So help me heaven!" he answered, as earnestly. "I believe she loves me, Frank. If I did not think that, I would sooner cut my throat than marry her."

"There are some men who think love comes after marriage," I said, presently.

"I am not one of those. I have received Margaret Lawson's assurance that she loves me; and I believe her from my soul. Have you anything to say against her, Frank?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied hastily, rather alarmed by that somewhat tigerish ferocity with which a man over head and ears in love is accustomed to hear the impeachment of his betrothed. I remembered that foreign letter, and the sudden flush which had overspread Miss Lawson's face as she received it, but I dared not mention the subject to my friend. It seemed so mean a thing to persist in doubting the lady, and the letter might be from any one in the world except that absent traveller, Horace Rawdon. I did, however, doubt this lady's truth, almost in spite of myself, and listened to my friend's anticipations of happiness with secret misgiving. My visit to him was prolonged much beyond the week I had intended to devote to it. I dined at Bayswater with the Lawson family—a showy, ceremonial banquet; and I spent a good deal of my time with John Marlow and his *future* at picture-galleries, theatres, and other places of entertainment.

I had occasion to cross the Park one morning in the direction of Bayswater, on my way to call upon some friends in Hyde-park Gardens; and in one of the lonelier walks I was surprised to meet Miss Lawson. She was quite alone, and seemed, as I thought, not a little embarrassed by meeting me. I knew that she had refused to attend a morning concert with Mr. Marlow that day, on the plea of particular business in the way of shopping, and was therefore disposed to wonder at finding her strolling idly here. She said something about an atrocious headache, which had obliged her to put off all business, and dismissed me, as I thought, rather impatiently.

My friends were not at home; and I recrossed the Park within half an hour by another and longer route, taking the furthermost border of the Serpentine. Here, having no special occupation for the afternoon, I lingered to smoke a cigar, stretched at full-length upon a bench by the side of the water. The day was mild for the season of the year, but the gardens were almost deserted at this time. I was roused from my reverie by a man's voice close at hand, saying loudly,

"If you throw me over, Margaret, you will be as false and heartless a woman as ever breathed the breath of life. You know that I trusted implicitly in your promise to marry me whenever I came home to claim you, and you know that I have broken with my family for ever in order to be true to you. I might have done well abroad, had I been content to wait for success; but I could not endure life away from you, and I availed myself of the first opportunity that arose for my return. I have accepted a clerkship in a merchant's office, with a salary that will just enable us to live. It is no brilliant prospect to offer you, Margaret; but it is better than the dependence of your position as a governess, and it is a life to be shared with a man you have professed to love."

The answer to this speech escaped me. The speaker was walking slowly beside a lady on the other side of the noble horse-chestnut beneath which I was seated, completely screened by the massive trunk from these two promenaders. They walked a little way, and then returned. This time the lady was speaking, and I recognized the clear musical tones of Miss Lawson's voice.

"You know that I have always been true to you, Horace," she said; "but it was not the less foolish of you to come home. I was shocked by your imprudence when I received your letter from Marseilles. Such a step will be sure to aggravate your father and all your friends."

"I thought you would be glad of my return, Margaret."

"Of course I am glad to see you; but I am sorry that your prospects should be sacrificed to such foolish impatience. We are both young enough to have waited for years."

Not a word of her engagement to John Marlow. They passed the tree again, returned, and then parted within a few paces of my seat.

"May I call upon you at your uncle's?"

"No, Horace; I dare not receive you there. I will write to you in a few days. I have run the risk of all kinds of annoyance in consenting to meet you to-day. My uncle and aunt are strait-laced and severe to a degree. Good-bye."

"A brief meeting, and a cold parting, Margaret. When shall I see you again?"

"Indeed I don't know. I will write to you."

He kissed her, and let her go, very reluctantly, as it seemed to me in my place of concealment. I rose as Miss Lawson hurried away, and contrived to meet the gentleman face to face. He was walking slowly along, swinging his cane to and fro, with a very moody countenance. He was a tall, fine fellow, with a handsome face bronzed by foreign suns.

I went back to my friend's lodgings sorely puzzled as to my line of conduct. It was evident that Margaret Lawson had deceived him as to her relations with Horace Rawdon; but it did not appear to me that she meant to jilt the elder man. I had little doubt that the letter she was to write her old love would contain the intelligence of her approaching marriage with John Marlow. She had shrunk in a cowardly manner from telling young Rawdon a truth which she would not fear to communicate in a letter. It was his anger, not his pain, she dreaded.

"She is just what I thought her," I said to myself—"selfish and cold-hearted to the last degree. I should dearly love to see her left in the lurch by both her suitors."

On reflection, I decided that it was best to tell John Marlow the whole truth. He was likely enough to detest me for my interference; but I was willing to suffer his dislike rather than that he should walk blindfold into a matrimonial snare for lack of fair warning. I found him reading his Indian letters, which the overland mail had just brought him.

"Another bank gone," he said—"the Calcutta Imperial."

"Does that affect you?" I asked anxiously.

"Personally to the extent of a few hundreds only; but I have many friends who will suffer."

It struck me that this failure might be turned to some account as a trial of Miss Lawson's truth; but I said nothing about this to John Marlow. I only told him, in the simplest manner, what I had heard that afternoon in Kensington-gardens.

John Marlow was deeply moved, but he said very little, and I saw how painfully weak he was upon this subject. We were both to dine at Bayswater on the next evening, and I felt sure that he would take occasion to question his betrothed. He did not wait for the evening, however, but went early the following morning to call on Miss Lawson. She was out with her aunt and cousins; and he came home looking ill, tired, and depressed. When the evening came, he was too ill to dine out; and I went myself to carry his excuses and my own, about an hour before the dinner hour.

Mr. Lawson was out; and on requesting to see his niece, I was ushered to the library, where the young lady came to me. I told her of Mr. Marlow's illness, and she received the news with evident uneasiness.

"It is very sudden, is it not?" she asked, looking at me in a very searching manner.

"Yes, it is sudden. He seems to be suffering from a kind of low fever."

"My uncle tells me there has been a great bank failure in Calcutta. I hope that does not affect Mr. Marlow?"

"Not to any great extent, I believe," I replied with considerable hesitation, for I saw the young lady had already taken fright.

"But to some extent it does," she answered quickly. "Do you think it is anxiety that has made him ill?"

"He certainly does seem troubled in his mind; but his anxiety may not arise from business matters."

"From what else could it arise?"

"You would be more likely to know that than I, for I am sure he has no secrets from you."

"I hope not; I have a right to share his troubles."

"I am glad to hear you say that," I replied; "I should be sorry for him if he were to win only a fair-weather wife."

Miss Lawson charged me with all manner of affectionate messages for her betrothed, and I departed. My friend's illness lasted for some days, and even after his recovery the fever left him worn and pale.

"Frank," he said to me on the first morning that we breakfasted together in the sitting-room, "I am going to offer Miss Lawson her freedom, and I want you to be a witness of our interview. I have thought the subject out during my illness, and I trust I have come to the right way of thinking. I shall make no allusion to the meeting in the gardens, as I do not want to compromise you."

"I accompanied him to Mr. Lawson's house, and was present throughout a scene which touched me deeply. My friend spoke with a noble simplicity, offering to release his betrothed, and imploring her to withdraw from her engagement unless she could give him her whole heart.

"I am twenty years your senior, Madge," he said, "and have nothing but my truth to commend me to you. Let us understand each other before it is too late. Nothing but misery could come to either of us from a loveless union."

She looked at him with a curiously searching look, and hesitated a little before replying.

"You must have some hidden reason for this formal offer, John," she said.

"It is not a formal offer; I have no reason but my desire to be secure in the possession of your heart."

"Have you any cause to doubt me?"

"I cannot answer that question very precisely. There is such a thing as instinctive doubt. I know and feel my own demerits. Our engagement was a hasty one, and I want to give you a fair opportunity for withdrawal before it is too late. I entreat you to be true to me, Margaret—to me and to yourself. But I do not want to hurry you; take time for reflection; let me see you again to-morrow at this time."

Mr. Lawson came into the room as we were taking leave, and his niece had an opportunity for speaking to me alone while Mr. Marlow was talking to him.

"Your friend is looking very ill," she said anxiously; "I fear this bank business must be a serious affair."

"Yes," I replied with equal gravity; "it means ruin for the losers."

She had no time to question me further, and I felt assured that her mystification was complete. She attributed her lover's offer entirely to a change in his circumstances, which he was not candid enough to explain.

He had not long to wait for his answer; it came by that evening's post. She had thought earnestly upon the subject, and was convinced that his offer to release her implied a doubt that was incompatible with perfect affection. It was best, therefore, that the offer should be accepted, and that both should hold themselves free. This reply came upon John Marlow as a thunderbolt. In spite of her duplicity with regard to her old engagement, he had to the last believed in Margaret Lawson's love for himself.

"You are right, Frank," he said; "I have only exposed myself to a second disappointment. I shall go back to India next month, and leave the ground clear for Horace Rawdon."

"Whom she will jilt just as she has jilted you," I replied. "She will never consent to marry a clerk in a merchant's office; unless, indeed, the prospect of his future baronetcy should tempt her."

The issue proved my guess correct. Miss Lawson married a merchant-prince whom she had met at her uncle's house, and whose budding attentions, taken in conjunction with the bank failure, had tempted her to the breaking of her engagement. This gentleman failed within six months of his marriage, and fled from his creditors, leaving his wife to exist as best she might on her earnings as a daily governess. This means of sub-istence has, however, been augmented of late by an annuity of seventy-five pounds, settled on her by an anonymous benefactor, whose name I know to be John Angus Marlow. My friend returned to India, where he is now an eminently prosperous man, but a confirmed bachelor, happy in the pursuit of his profession, and with no thought beyond it.

☞ Electricity as a heating medium has, it is asserted, been successfully tried at the Hotel Dieu Hospital in Paris, and it is reported that hereafter the other large hospitals of that city will be warmed by means of the electrical apparatus instead of by coal.

The Diamond Ring.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

Mr. Baker himself told us this story. He said it was true; nor is this unlikely. I have known Mr. William Henry Baker personally for a number of years, and I am inclined to think he has hitherto never in all his life told the truth. Now, it is so manifestly improbable that the most consistent man should protract a long and useful career of story-telling to such extraordinary limits, without at some period telling the truth by sheer misadventure, that it is quite likely Mr. Baker may have committed himself in this instance. At least the time has arrived for human nature to assert itself, according to the doctrine of averages.

"Only once, gentlemen," said Mr. B., "have I been deceived. William Henry keeps his eyes open, in a general way; William Henry also takes the liberty of seeing out of them. He uses them, as a rule, for purposes of observation, gentlemen. Still, I admit I *was*, once, taken in by as dead a swindle as could be, I am not ashamed to own it. I made money by it, after all; but I was swindled.

"It was about a diamond ring. I knew the fellow who had it for many years in the way of business. He was a commercial traveller, and used always to flash this ring about whenever he came round on his journeys. A jeweller friend of mine, who happened to be in my office once when Mr. Block called, asked, I remember, to be allowed to examine it; and had pronounced the stones to be diamonds of the purest water, telling me afterwards the ring was worth about seventy pounds. Mr. Block's initials were engraved inside the hoop of the ring: 'R. B.;' and besides that, it was a ring of peculiar and rather old-fashioned make. Indeed, having once seen the ring, no one would be likely to mistake it for another. Well, Mr. Block got into difficulties, and went so entirely to the bad, that I never saw or heard anything more of him. But about two years afterwards, whilst walking down a back street, my eye was taken by a ring exhibited in a pawnbroker's window. 'Mr. Block's ring,' I exclaimed directly; 'I'll swear to it.' It was in a tray with a number of very seedy-looking rings, and was as discolored and dirty as they were. I went into the shop and asked to look at it. The pawnbroker, an old Jew, said: 'Yesh; I might see his ringsh; but he didn't know mosh about ringsh himshelf. They wosh unredeemed pledges—thash what they wosh—and they wosh all marked at the mouish advanshed upon them, with a very shmall overplush for interesh—thash all he knew.'

"There was no mistake about it. It was Mr. Block's ring, and had his initials inside. But how did the Jew get it? He would soon tell me. Referring to his book, he found it had been pawned two years ago in the name of Smith—'Thash all he knew. Would I buy? Is wosh dirt sheap—three poundsh twelve; and cosht him all the mouish!'

"'Three pounds twelve!' I repeated, thinking he had made a mistake; for the ring was worth twenty times that amount!

"'Well, if it wash too dear, he had some sheaper ones—beautiful ringsh, he dare-shay—but he know sho little about ringsh, you shee, exshept that he alwaysh advanshed too mosh mouish on them. One couldn't understshtand everything in his bishnish, you shee, from flat-ironsh to diamondsh.'

"I bought the ring, after beating the Jew down half-a-crown, partly to prevent his suspecting its value, and partly—well knowing the disposition of the peculiar people—to oblige him.

"I wore my new purchase about, with no little inward satisfaction at having bettered a Jew at a bargain. In my own mind, I accounted for its coming into his possession somewhat in this way: Mr. Block must have sold the ring, when in difficulties, to some one else. It was quite certain Mr. Block had not pawned it at the Jew's, or the Jew would have known its value. The ring must, then, have either been lost by, or stolen from, a subsequent possessor; and the finder, or thief (whichever it happened to be), being ignorant of its value, had taken it to the Jew, who knew no better.

"There is a certain commercial club in our town, which I occasionally visit. The members are of an easy and somewhat lively disposition; generally given to indulge in that playful style of banter popularly known as 'chaff.' My diamond ring came in for a good share of it. I can stand chaff as well as most men; but I put it to you, if, when you know very well your brilliants are real, it isn't a little annoying for the chaff of a whole body of people to assume the character of persistent disbelief in the value of your jewelry? For instance, the waiter answers the bell.

"'Did any gentleman ring?'

"'Oh yes,' one of the members would retort; 'it was the gentleman with the paste diamonds.'

"Again, there are kinds of sham brilliants known as Irish Diamonds and Isle of Wight Diamonds. The club (not one or two members, but the whole body) refused to recognize such distinctions, and insisted on designating the whole class of shams as 'Baker's Diamonds,' 'Baker's Paste,' my gems were also denominated. They actually sent me by post a circular of somebody's Baking Powder, adding to it at the end, where it says the public is respectfully cautioned against spurious imitations, '*but more particularly against a specious preparation to deceive the unwary, known as Baker's "Paste."*' Now, after two or three weeks, this became tiresome. Still, I took no notice, and affected not to think the remarks intended for me.

"I hardly know what made me go and call on my friend the jeweller. It was not that I had any doubt of the genuineness of the diamonds, especially as he was the very man who had before valued Mr. Block's ring at seventy pounds. But it had been so dinned into my head they were false, that I wanted just a formal confirmation of the estimate he had previously formed of their worth.

"'Oh yes,' said my friend the jeweller; 'I recognize the ring again directly. Want to know what it's worth?' (He put it in the scales.) 'Well—h'm—about seven-and-twenty shillings for old gold.'

"'Eh?' said I, as pale as a turnip. 'Why, didn't you tell me it was worth seventy pounds?'

"'Yes,' he answered; 'when it had diamonds in it—not when it has paste.'

"Talking the matter over, the jeweller suggested, that on Mr. Block getting into difficulties, the first thing he did was to sell the diamonds out of his ring, and get their places supplied with paste; whilst, finally, he had pawned it himself with the Jew, *as* a paste ring.

"'Well, William Henry,' said I to myself, 'the Jew has jewed you, and the club has chaffed you, and you may consider yourself trod upon, after the manner of spanking.'

"But the worm will turn.

"'Did the jeweller let out diamonds on hire?' I asked.

"He did.

"'Would he have a certain alteration, which I suggested, made in my ring in a fortnight's time?'

"He would.

"'And keep it secret?'

"'Certainly—business was business.'

"For the whole of that fortnight I never went near the club; that was probably the reason why my appearance at the club-dinner was greeted with such lively sallies about Baker's Paste. One would-be wag recommended me, whilst helping a tart, 'to keep my fingers out of the pastry.' Believing him to intend some obscure allusion to the gems on my little finger, I thought it time to open fire.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'for some weeks I have listened to casual observations in which the name of Baker has been unworthily associated with paste and pastry, but have refrained from making any remark, having been firmly persuaded they could only apply to industrious tradesmen employed in the manufacture of home-baked bread.' (Oh, oh!) 'It now occurs to me that such remarks were intended in allusion to the ring I wear—a ring, I take this opportunity of informing you—which, unlike the wits who have amused themselves at its expense—is indebted for its brilliancy to nature.'

"They hooted me; they heaped opprobrious epithets on the name of Baker; they laughed and talked me down.

"'I'll bet him five pounds it's paste,' said one.

"'So will I,' said another. 'And I.' 'And I.'

"So said *eleven* of them.

"'Really, gentlemen,' said I, 'I am sorry you should take the matter so much in earnest. All I can tell you is, I believe my ring to be a diamond ring, and this, notwithstanding I will freely admit I only paid a very small sum for it.'

"They laughed and hooted me still more at this admission. They said that settled the question, and that it *was* paste.

"I told them I didn't think it was.

"'Well, would I bet?'

"I would rather not.

"More hooting.

"At length, very reluctantly, I overcame my scruples. The name of Baker is a name too closely allied to the gentle bred (arms, four loaves, *ppr—sejant*, quartered—crest, the doe, *lezant*) to allow it to be wantonly sullied. I bet.

"We adjourned to the jeweller's.

"'Without question, they *were* diamonds,' the jeweller decided, 'and some of the finest he had ever seen.' (He ought to know, as they were his property—hired by me for the occasion.)

"'Eleven fives is fifty-five, gentlemen.'

"Having established the value of my ring, and freed the name of Baker from suspicion, I paid for the hire of the real gems, and had the paste stones reset in their places, believing, after all, the reputation for diamonds to be as good as the possession of them, and free from the anxiety.

"It was talked about, and noised abroad: it even reached the little back street where the pawnbroker lived. You should have seen him.

"'Real shtones! Oh, my heart! Shevenshy-five poundsh—dead robbery—clean gone. Oh, my bootshe and bones! not to know that folkshe do shometimes come and pawn real diamondsh for pashte, sho as to have less interesh to pay for taking care of their ringsh. Oh, my bleshed heart, only think of it!'

"He came to me. He grovelled, and wriggled, and twisted himself before me. He prayed me to sell him his ring again. 'Oh, my tere Mishter Baker, you musht shell it to me, or I shall be a ruined old manshe. The time wosh not out, and Mishter Smit has come to redeem it, and he shays that it wosh a legacy, and if he doesh nos get it by Shaturday next he will ruin me—eh-help him, he will. Oh, Mishter Baker, think of it; twenty poundsh—all in gold—shelid money. Now, my tere, what do you shay? thersh a good mansh!'

"What did I say? Could I turn a deaf ear to the distress of the old man? There are people who might do it, gentlemen, but not people of the name of Baker—not W. H. Baker. I certainly did ask him for more money. We compromised it at last at twenty-two ten, which he paid, part in sixpences and coppers, and owes me fourpence-half-penny to this day.

"Twenty-two, nine and sevenpence-half-penny, and fifty-five pounds, is seventy-seven, nine, seven and a half. It just paid for the real diamonds; for I bought the ones I had previously hired of the jeweller, and had them set in a ring the fac-simile of Mr. Block's, except that the initials inside are W. H. B.

"That was the *only* time I was ever swindled, gentlemen," Mr. Baker concluded.

☞ A young girl committed suicide near Liverpool, England, recently, because her sister with whom she resided, refused to allow her to "butter" a piece of bread.

☞ The passage of the Suez Canal is described as a sail for some hundred miles along a broad ditch, with high sand-banks on either side, over which at rare intervals you get glimpses of a sandy desert.

☞ Paper is entering into nearly everything we use. The Yankees now make it into pails, washtubs, and spittoons.

☞ The President is not smoking so much as formally. The smoke hurts his eyesight.

☞ Miss Vinnie Ream is now in Rome, industriously engaged upon the statue of Abraham Lincoln. During her stay in Paris, she modelled busts of Mrs. Fremont and Gustave Dore. The latter took much interest in her, offering her room in his studio, and extending to her many courtesies and kind attentions.

☞ Keeping children after school is in every respect a bad practice. It annoys both teacher and pupil; and is an evil which perpetuates itself. Pupils who are kept after school usually go home out of humor with teacher and school generally. It should be a constant aim to arrange things in such a way that every pupil may go home *feeling happy*. The result aimed at by this practice may, in most cases, be worked in other ways. The natural consequences of poor lessons would seem to be falling in rank. In graded schools, pupils who neglect their lessons, may be placed in lower classes, even in a lower department.

☞ The Cincinnati Commercial thinks that Gen. Spinner's illness is due to over exertion in trying to learn to write.

Vanity.

It is well meant, but it is probably a cruel thing of parents to discourage vanity in their children; for, after all, what comfort can there be in life equal to vanity? Vanity is the only thing which keeps most men's tempers tolerably sweet.

Moreover, vanity is of such a versatile nature that it will accommodate itself to all ages, fortunes, and circumstances. Hope grows old; aspirations become middle-aged; and even strong affections fade away. But vanity knows none of these foolish changes, and remains as unwrinkled as the sea. It is like the insect which always takes the color of the leaf it feeds upon, and always finds a leaf to feed upon.

There are direct opposites to almost every affection of the mind but vanity. For hope, there is despair; for joy, sorrow; for pleasure, pain; but there is no direct opposite in language to vanity. In fact, we refuse to contemplate the possibility of there being a man so miserable as to possess the opposite quality to vanity.—*Good Words.*

☞ The brakeman's "occupation's gone." An atmospheric brake for railroad trains has been invented by George Westinghouse, Jr., of Pittsburg, which thus far has successfully stood all tests, and bids fair to come into general use. With the aid of this brake, it is claimed, a train may be stopped almost instantly, while going at a high rate of speed.

☞ Chicago has a little girl who obtains a livelihood by begging, popular sympathy being excited by her exposing a hand containing five fingers and three thumbs.

☞ The snow is twenty inches deep in many parts of Michigan; and strawberries are ripe in Florida.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—Sales of 9600 bbls, including superfine at $4,37½@5; middlings at $4,50; extras at $5,25@5,37½; Northwest extra family at $5,75@6,37½; Penna do do within the same range of figures; Indiana and Ohio do do at $5,87½@6,50 and fancy lots at $6,75@7,25.

GRAIN—Wheat; sales of 25,000 bus Penna and Western red at $1,27@1,32, and Delaware at $1,25@1,32, including 800 bus Virginia white at $1,50; 500 bus Indiana white at $1,40. Corn; sales of 45,000 bus at $1,08@1,10 for old yellow; 85@86c for damp, up to 88@90c for good and prime dry new; $1,08 for Western mixed, and 92c for prime dry new white. Oats; sales of 34,000 bus Penna, Western and Delaware at 58½@61c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $32,50. Mess Beef may be quoted at $20,50 for city packed extra family. Beef Hams—Sales at $21@22 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 18@21c; Excelsior hams at 22c; sides at 18@20½c, and shoulders at 16½@16½c. Green Meats—Sales of 200 tcs pickled hams at 16½@17½c, and shoulders in salt at 13c. Lard—Sales of 900 bbls and tcs at 19@19½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 20c, and 800 pails at 21c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 21@34c; very choice do at 35@36c; choice New York tub at 45@46c; Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 15 to 25c. Cheese—Small sales at 17½@18½c. Eggs sell at 44@47c.

COTTON—Sales of 800 bales of Middling Uplands at 25½c and Gulf at 26c.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $3,50@4,50 for Western and New York. Dried Peaches and Apples—Sales of Apples at 7½@9c, and Peaches at 8c for quarters, 9½@10½c for halves, and 12@20 for pared.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,50@1,60; Mixed do $1,25@1,40; Straw $1,25@1,40.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 20@50c, and Wisconsin at 20@27c.

IRON—Pig metal is not inquired after. Sales at $20@30 for No 1; $25 for Forge. Bar Iron commands $52@56 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—Sales of 1500 bus at $8,50@8,62½ for fair and prime quality. Timothy commands $4. Flaxseed sells slowly at $2,25@2,30 ₱ bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₱ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $15,00 to 15,25 ₱ 100 lbs.

Two Delightful New Music Books for Holiday Presents.

PIANOFORTE GEMS.

A new collection of the latest favorite Nocturnes, Waltzes, Polkas, Marches, Schottisches, Redowas, Four-Hand pieces, Quadrilles, &c., just published in one book complete.

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Sample and circulars sent free. Apply to AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

nov27-4t Or BLISS & CO., Newark, New Jersey.

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The great experience of Dr. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the treatment and cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S. as principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

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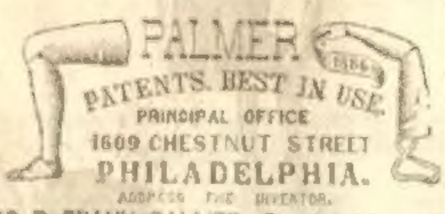

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Sad Mishap.

The following story from the Abend-Zeitung, the German evening paper of Chicago, deserves translation. It says:—It was a small but merry company that met on a Tuesday evening at our friend Kenkel's, under the Sherman House. Bottle followed bottle in rapid succession, and the "tone" of the imbibers was the most exalted. But finally came a reaction, a drowsiness overtook the majority, all but four departed. This quartette had "fit" so nobly that the field was literally strewn with their bodies, and aid was required to get them home. Accordingly the proprietor called a carriage from the stand, opposite the way, and with difficulty deposited a customer in each corner. He then turned to the driver and instructed him as follows:—

"Dis one in de left corner drive to No. — West Randolph street. Dis one in de right corner you must take to de marble front on Union street, near the Baptist church. You must take him up de stairs, and tell his wife not to fight mit him. Dat leetle feller in the back seat take to Milwaukee Avenue, by Schultze's, next the Odd Fellows' Hall, and de odder one lives by Linkum Park."

The driver, with an "all right," slammed the door of the carriage, mounted his seat, and was off.

Mr. Kenkel and his "Joe" set things to rights in the place, and in about twenty minutes were ready to close the saloon, when the identical carriage again halted before the door.

"What's the matter?" inquired the proprietor.

"I have met with a sad mishap," answered the driver. "In passing sharply around a corner the jolt of the vehicle threw them all into a heap. I have been trying to right them, but can't tell which from 'tother. *Won't you please sort them again?*"

How He Became Deaf.

A Vermont landlord, famous for being deaf just when he wanted to be, when rallied upon his infirmity one day, told his amused guests the following story:—

When a young man, he worked on a farm for a stingy old farmer, in an adjoining town. On leaving him, a balance of two dollars was due George for wages. Having called repeatedly for his money, the old man had some excuse for not paying. A sow of the old man's had a litter of pigs, consisting of four; one of them, which is generally the case, being a small runt, as they call them. George told the old man that he would take a pig for his money; the old man said he might have the small one. George jumped in the pen, and seized the largest pig. The old man shouted:

"Take the small one!"

"Let him squeal," said George; "I can hold him."

Old man, excited:

"Take the small one!"

"I'll risk his biting," replied George.

Old man desperate, and as loud as he could bellow:

"Take the small one!"

"Let him squeal; I can hold him," answered George."

"Take him along, you deaf cuss; I can't make you hear anything."

George carried off his pig in triumph.

Get on the Sorrel Horse.

An old soldier tells the following good story: While in the three months' service, Colonel Connell rode a sorrel horse, and Lieut.-Colonel Pond a white horse. At the close of the three months' service an effort was made to re-enlist the men of the regiment. The regiment was formed one day at some town in Virginia, and a letter from the governor was read by Colonel Connell, asking that the regiment be re-enlisted. The Colonel made a speech on the subject, and asked all the men who would re-enlist to step to the front. Not a man moved. Connell, discouraged, asked Pond to talk to the boys. Colonel Pond talked in his way, and was in the act of putting the proposition in regard to stepping to the front, when a tall specimen of the true blue sang out, "Colonel Pond, you get on the sorrel horse and we will all go." This was received with shouts of approval. Comment is unnecessary.

A Quick Retort.

The following anecdote of Profs. Adams and Shurtleff, of Dartmouth College, is as good as any narration of Irish wit:

Prof. Shurtleff was obliged to be very careful about going out without his hat, lest he should take cold; and Prof. Adams was obliged to be equally careful about wetting his feet, for the same reason. "It seems," said Prof. A. to Prof. S., one day, "that your head and my feet are *our weakest parts.*"

"*Our most sensible* parts, would be the way that I should phrase it," was Prof. Shurtleff's quick and happy retort.

A FEW years ago the American Sunday School Union in Philadelphia published a small tract, by Dr. Boardman, on the impropriety of church members going to the opera. Soon after, one of the leading officials of the society was going past the opera-house one evening about the time the crowd were assembling, and was beset by a pack of newsboys trying to sell him a libretto of the play. One little fellow was particularly persistent, calling out, "Buy a book, sir? buy a book?" At last the venerable secretary turned upon the urchin with the indignant exclamation, "Do I look as if I was going to the opera?" The little fellow stood for a moment, eyeing the gentleman from head to foot with a roguish look, and replied, "I thought maybe you might have a better suit at home!"

"NO CHICKEN."—At a dinner party, Erskine was seated near Miss Henrietta ——, commonly called Miss Hennie ——, who had been celebrated for her beauty, but was then somewhat past the meridian of life. "They say you are a great man for making puns," said Miss Hennie to the wit; "could you make a pun on me?" "Ah, Hennie," was the cruel rejoinder, "ye are no chicken!"

☞ "Alas!" said a moralizing bachelor, within ear shot of a witty young lady of the company, "this world is at best but a gloomy prison." "Yes," sighed the merciless minx. "especially to the poor creature doomed to solitary confinement."

☞ Maxim for the lazy—No farmer can plough a field by turning it over in his mind.

LEVITY.

THE "GOVERNOR."—"You are late down this morning, Robert."

ROBERT (who cannot be brought by his parents to see that arriving to seventeen years of age, leaving school, being put into the surgery, and generally commencing the serious business of life, isn't a joking matter.) "Very sorry, sir—shaving morning, sir!"

Anecdotes of Gough.

THE DRIVER'S GRATITUDE.—I was appointed to lecture in a town six miles from the railway by which I came from my last engagement, and a man drove me in a fly—a one horse hack—from the station to the town. I noticed that he sat leaning forward in an awkward manner, with his face close to the glass of the window. Soon he folded a handkerchief and tied it round his neck. I asked him if he was cold.

"No, sir."

Then he placed the handkerchief round his face. I asked him if he had toothache.

"No, sir," was the reply.

Still he sat leaning forward. At last I said: "Will you please tell me why you sit leaning forward that way, if you are not cold, and have no toothache?"

He said very quietly, "The window of the carriage is broke and the wind is cold, and I am trying to keep it from you."

I said in surprise, "You are not putting your face to that broken pane to keep the wind from me, are you?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Why do you do that"

"God bless you, sir, I owe everything I have in the world to you."

"But I never saw you before."

"No, sir, but I have seen you. I was a ballad singer once. I used to go round with a half-starved baby in my arms for charity, and a draggled wife at my heels, half the time with her eyes blackened; and I went to hear you in Edinburgh, and you told me I was a man; and when I went out of that house, I said, 'By the help of God I'll be a man! and now I've a happy wife, and a comfortable home—God bless you, sir! I would stick my head in any hole under the heavens, if it would do you any good.'"

HIS GESTICULATION.—I have been criticised severely for the ungracefulness and violence of my gestures. I do no not wish to deprecate criticism; I know I am ungraceful and awkward. I once heard a boy say to his companion as they came out of the lecture-room where I had been speaking: "Jimmy, did you see him go it with his feet?" I never studied the graces of action or gesture; probably I should be more graceful if I had. We often acquire unfortunate habits that are hard to break. A German in Philadelphia told his employer that he was "going to hear dat Mr. Gough, vat dey say dalks mit his goat dails." I am aware that I do occasionally shake my coat tails. How I acquired the habit I do not know; but I condemn the motion as much as any one can, and would be grateful to any person who would strike me on my knuckles with a stick whenever I "dalk mit my goat dails." I think I could not make a speech with my hands tied. I have never tried it; but I will not make excuses for my gestures. I am often amused by the committee, after erecting a platform perhaps twenty feet by fifteen, asking me "if I should have room enough?" or whether the president would be in my way if he remained in the chair. I remembered a lecturer who was not so fortunate as to draw large audiences, complaining that they did not give him room enough. "Only let me have a platform as big as you give Gough, and I will make as good a speech, and draw as many people. It is nothing in Gough—it is the platform that does it."

I find people do not generally prefer to sit on the stand while I am speaking; perhaps desiring to "see him go it with his feet," or fearful of being kicked off—and it is dangerous to get too close to me when I am "going it." Dr. Beman once, when I was speaking in his church, stepped very softly behind me to arrange a refractory gasburner, just as I threw back my fist, and he received a "stinger" in his face.

When I felt his hard teeth and soft lips against my knuckles, as my hand came in contact with them so violently, a chill ran through me; but when I apologized afterwards, the good doctor said, with a smile: "Remember, sir, you are the first man that ever struck me with impunity." I have found blood on my hand more than once, and occasionally a black bruise, and I certainly could not tell how it was done; but guessed that, while I was "going it," I must have struck my hand somewhere. I have said—and I believe—that when a man is thoroughly absorbed in his theme,—when his subject fills him,—he will so far forget all, and everything, in his intense desire to make his audience feel as he wishes them to feel, that physical suffering will be not only endured and triumphed over, but he may become unconscious of pain, in the overwhelming power of his subject on himself. I know that on the subject of temperance I feel what I say. I know it. I must feel on this theme deeply. No lapse of time can weaken the intensity of my feeling. Burned into my memory, are the years of suffering and degradation, and I do feel deeply, and must ever, on this great question.—*Gough's Autobiography.*

An Undertaker's Wedding.

There is a "melancholy interest" in a little affair that actually occurred not a thousand miles from Boston, a short time since. A well-known clergyman received one morning an imperative summons to be in attendance to perform "the ceremony" at the residence of an equally well-known undertaker in the evening. He went accordingly, supposing, of course, that he was to accompany the man of grief to a house of mourning, but he was agreeably disappointed on finding the house (over the shop) brilliantly lighted and filled with guests, whom the undertaker proceeded to introduce as follows:—

"This is my intended wife, sir, Miss Crape. I shall marry her to-night, if you'll officiate."

"Certainly," replied the clergyman, somewhat amused; "and these are your friends to witness the ceremony?" looking round at the crowded apartment.

"Oh, yes, you know many of them—allow me—this is Mr. Bones, Sexton of St. Charles Church."

Mr. Bones rose solemnly, and heaved a hundred-dollar funeral sigh as he bowed to the minister.

"Mr. Mould, sexton of the brick chapel."

Mould, who had a low-cut white vest, a large glossy white shirt-bosom and collar, a pale face and sunken eyes, which gave him the appearance of being "laid out," replied to the clergyman's greeting with the usual sad shake of the head he had practised at funerals the past twenty years.

"This," said the host, as an individual approached on tip-toe, with downcast gaze, as if afraid of disturbing the silence of a grief-stricken family sitting in the front parlor at a funeral, "this is Mr. Black, the undertaker; I believe you've met before." Black bowed, and inclined his head sideways, as if he expected the minister to whisper some directions to him before proceeding with the service.

"Allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Stone, the sculptor." Stone griped the minister's hand as he would a mallet; he was proprietor of "Stone's Monumental Works." Then followed introduction to the superintendents of two cemeteries, a plate engraver, and others more or less connected with the grim business of the host, who, after finishing introduction, announced himself ready for the marriage ceremony.

"You don't mind standing here and using this black walnut case for a table, do you?" said the bridegroom; "it was too heavy to move, besides it's full of shrouds and caps that we don't want to tumble."

The minister acquiesced, and the twain were duly united, after which, cake, wine, and conversation pervaded the company.

The clergyman congratulated the bridegroom on his bride. "Yes," replied the happy man, "she's been my housekeeper some time—nice woman—aint afraid of dead folks."

"Ah, indeed," said the clergyman, getting a little chilly down along his back-bone in spite of himself, and, wishing to change the subject, he remarked—

"Any news to-day, Mr. Tressells?"

"News, no—that is, yes! You remember Merker, who jumped overboard and drowned himself from a ferry-boat last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, they found him this morning in ten feet of water, and paving-stones in his pockets."

"Indeed!"

"Yes!—*we've got him up stairs, if you'd like to see him!*"

Not knowing what might come next, the clergyman thought best to take his departure, which he did with a *grave* demeanor suited to the occasion.—*Com. Bulletin.*

AGRICULTURAL.

The Way to Blanket Horses.

But few persons comparatively understand how to apply a blanket to a horse to prevent him from contracting a cold. We frequently see the blanket folded double across the animal's back, leaving those parts of the body which need protection entirely exposed to the cold.

Those parts of the body of a horse which surround the lungs require the benefit of a blanket, in preference to the flanks and rump. When we are exposed to a current of cold air, to guard against any injury from contracting cold, we shield our shoulders, neck, chest and back. If these parts be protected, the lower part of the body will endure a degree of cold far more intense, without any injury to the body, than if the lungs were not kept warm with suitable covering. The same thing holds good in the protection of horses. The blanket should cover the neck, withers and shoulders, and be brought around the breast and buttoned or buckled together as closely as a man buttons his overcoat when about to face a driving storm. Let the lungs of a horse be well protected with a heavy blanket and he will seldom contract a cold, even if the hindmost parts of his body are not covered. Many of our best teamsters protect the breasts of their horses by a piece of cloth about two feet square, hanging down from the lower end of the collar. This is an excellent practice in cold weather, as the most important part of the animal is constantly sheltered from the cold wind, especially when travelling toward a strong current. The forward end of horse blankets should be made as closely around the breast of a horse as our garments fit our bodies. Most horses take cold as readily as men, if not blanketed while standing, after exercising sufficiently to produce perspiration. So long as the horse is kept in motion, there is little danger of his suffering from cold; but allow him to stand for a few minutes, without a blanket to protect his shoulders and lungs, and he will get cold sooner than men.—*Exchange.*

The Small Fruit Business.

Instances in which great profits have been made under favorable circumstances by raising small fruits, berries, and other special crops, have often been published. Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries have paid from two to six hundred dollars per acre per year. New Jersey and the western part of Michigan are localities of which great stories have been told. P. S. Linderman, of South Haven, Michigan, presents a view of the other side of the subject in the Western Rural. He shipped 12 crates, 192 quarts of Lawtons to Chicago.—Freights, truckage, commission and crates cost $7.55; the berries sold for $12.64; leaving $5.09, or 2 cts. 6½ mills per quart for picking, shipping, postage, &c., to say nothing of raising, capital invested, &c. He tried a patch of strawberries, but had ploughed them up. One of his neighbors had one and one-half acres; he tried them two years and has ploughed up most of them. His only object, he says, in confessing these failures is to caution those not acquainted with the berry business to "make haste slowly," in entering upon the business of raising them for market.

A New Jersey correspondent of the Gardeners' Monthly, who has been experimenting on "Ten Acres Enough," sent several chests of strawberries to the Philadelphia market one day last season, for which he paid three cents a quart for picking. They were sold by his commission man for four cents a quart.

THE PACIFIC GRASSES.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal says there is one singular thing about the grasses of the Pacific coast. When apparently dry and useless for food the cattle eat them greedily, and get fat on straw and stubble. The reason is they are rich in nutritious seeds, which last till late in the season. Sheep will be turned into a field with no sign of a blade of green grass, and pushing their noses down among the stubble, will eat the seeds which lay thick upon the ground. The wild oats grow on most of the hills of Central and Southern California, and are one of the best feeds for all kinds of live stock. The same correspondent who has eaten wheat bread at supper, the material for which was standing in the field at sunrise, says that when the grain is ripe it is often cut, threshed and put in the sacks the same day. Instead of the reaper, the "header" is now generally used. It cuts the straw midway, and its swath has a width nearly double that of the reaper. With two headers and five wagons a large threshing machine is kept running, and in this way forty acres and 1,500 bushels of wheat are harvested in a single day.

USE OF TURNIPS.—The great root of modern agriculture for cattle feeding is the Swedish turnips. Nine times as much food in weight of Swedes, can be raised on an acre as can be raised of hay with the same condition of land, and each pound of the hay finds its equivalent, in nutritive properties, in three pounds of turnips. It is manifestly to the interest of those farmers who keep stock over winter to feed turnips.

RECEIPTS.

TO ROAST WILD DUCKS.—After they are cleaned and ready for cooking, wrap them in a clean cloth, and bury twelve hours in the earth to remove the strong flavor. They are usually cooked without stuffing. Three-quarters of an hour will be sufficient to cook them. When you dish them, draw a sharp knife three times through the breast, and pour over a gravy of a little hot butter, the juice of a lemon, a sprinkling of Cayenne pepper, and a wineglassful of port wine.

BAKED PARTRIDGES.—Pick and clean the birds, and stuff them with chopped parsley or celery, the yolks of hard-boiled eggs softened with melted butter, and some salt and pepper. Rub a little on the breasts, and dredge them with flour. Put them in a pan, with half a pint of water and a little butter, and set them in the oven. Baste occasionally. Cook three-quarters of an hour. They may be cut up the back as for boiling, and baked without shifting.

PORK CHOPS.—Cut the chops about half an inch thick; trim them neatly (few cooks have any idea how much credit they get by this;) put a frying-pan on the fire, with a bit of butter; as soon as it is hot put in your chops, turning them often till brown all over; they will be done enough in about fifteen minutes; take one upon a plate and try it; if done, season it with a little finely-minced onion, powdered sage, and pepper and salt. A little powdered sage, etc., strewed over them, will give them a nice relish.

PLUM-CAKE.—One pound and a half of butter, beaten to a cream, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar, finely powdered; these must be beaten together until white and smooth; take six eggs, the whites and yolks to be beaten separately; when the whites are beaten to a stiff snow, and ready to put to the cake, mix in the yolks, then add them to the butter; beat it enough to mix them; add to it one pound of flour and one pound of currants; do not beat it too much after you put in the flour; let it stand in a cold place for two hours; bake it for about an hour and a half.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of seven letters.
My 1, 6, is considered of great importance by some people.
My 1, 2, 3, 7, is what man constantly does.
My 1, 6, 4, is what the writer became to-day on account of a fall.
My 1, 3, 4, is a boy's nickname.
My 1, 5, 2, 3, 4, is grown extensively in the middle states.
My 1, 7, 3, 4, 5, is what we should beware of.
My 1, 7, 2, 3, 4, 5, is seen at festivals.
My 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, is very necessary, yet sometimes destructive.
My 1, 3, 7, is a terrible calamity.
My 1, 3, 7, 4, is considered a blemish.
My 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, is an animal.
My 1, 5, 2, 7, 6, is an adverb.
My 2, 3, 7, 4, 5, is the dwelling place of many.
My 2, 3, 4, is necessary to life.
My 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, is an inflammable fluid.
My 2, 7, 6, is an adverb.
My 4, 5, 3, 1, announces the approach of spring.
My 4, 7, 2, 3, 4, is much appreciated by youngsters.
My 4, 5, 7, 6, 3, 4, is a denunciation of ill.
My 4, 7, 2, 6, belongs to the vegetable kingdom.
My 4, 2, 3, 7, is often caused by unkindness.
My whole is very unpleasant at this time.

FELIX.

Charade.

Beneath old ocean's restless waves
My first lies hid in sunless caves;
Thieves quickly take their flight whene'er
My second echoes loud and clear;
When autumn turns the forests brown,
And leaves come thickly fluttering down,
We gayly don our caps and hoods,
And seek my whole in fields and woods.

Probability Problem.

A bag contains 5 balls, which are known to be either all black or all white. A white ball is dropped into the bag, and then a ball is drawn out at random and found to be white. What now is the probability that the original balls were all white?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

Given the sides of a plane triangle 50, 60 and 70, to find a point within such that the sum of three straight lines drawn from *this* point to the corners of the triangle shall be a minimum. J. M. GREENWOOD.

Kirksville, Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Divide 170 into three whole numbers, such that the square of any one of them, added to the product of the other two, shall be a square number. J. SCOTT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the word "Yes" like a mountain? Ans.—Because its an *ascent.*

☞ What goes most against a farmer's grain? Ans.—His reaping machine.

☞ When is a blow from a lady welcome? Ans.—When she strikes you agreeably.

☞ Why is a lean dog like a man in meditation? Ans.—When he is a *thinner.*

☞ Why is a prisoner's time like an abominable joke? Ans.—Because its passed in durance.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—When I am gone, let the big guns be fired over me. CHARADE—Snow-shoes.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of Oct. 9th.—147 and 140 perches—D. Diefenbach, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, J. S. Phebus, J. N. Soders, W. J. Barrett, W. Smith.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date.—8—W. H. Morrow, Chas. Webb, W. Smith, W. J. Barrett, J. N. Soders, J. S. Phebus, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler.

Answers to W. Hoover's PROBLEM of same date.—64,4096, or 117649—W. Hoover. 64—J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, J. S. Phebus, J. N. Soders, W. Smith.

Answer to Felix's PROBLEM of Oct. 9th. 18 miles from A at 1 o'clock, P. M.—Felix, Rufus S. Turner, J. N. Soders, J. S. Phebus, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, Irene, Albert T. Williams, W. J. Barrett.

Answer to X.'s PROBLEM of same date.—60 years—X, Irene, W. J. Barrett, Clara J. Stiles, Albert T. Williams, J. S. Phebus, J. N. Soders, J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler.

Answer to Eli Flint's PROBLEM of same date.—1200 square feet—J. M. Greenwood, S. M. Pickler, J. N. Soders.

SAUSAGES are best when quite fresh made. Put a bit of butter or dripping into a clean frying-pan; as soon as it is melted (before it gets hot) put in the sausages, and shake the pan for a minute, and keep turning them (be careful not to break or prick them in so doing;) fry them over a very slow fire till they are nicely browned on all sides; when they are done, lay them on a hair sieve, placed before the fire for a couple of minutes to drain the fat from them. The secret of frying sausages is, to let them get hot very gradually; they then will not burst, if they are not stale. The common practice to prevent their bursting, is to prick them with a fork; but this lets the gravy out.

MINCEMEAT TO KEEP.—Take a pound and a half of currants; a pound of best raisins, stoned; three-quarters of a pound of almonds, cut very small; the peel of one lemon, minced small; the juice of one lemon; three apples, minced small; a pound of citron, minced small; a pound and a half of suet, shred very fine; an eighth of an ounce of nutmeg; the same of cinnamon; the same of mace, and the same of cloves. Put the whole into a jar, and keep it dry. When wanted, mix it with cider.

COLOR FOR WICKER BASKETS, OR ANY SMALL ARTICLES OF THE KIND.—Dissolve one stick of black sealing-wax and one stick of red in two ounces of spirits of wine. Lay it on with a small brush.

LUBRICATOR FOR CLOCKWORK, &c.—Refined glycerine is the best lubricating vehicle for clocks, watches, and other very fine mechanism; it is a substance which never becomes hard like some oils when exposed to the atmosphere, and it does not freeze in cold weather.